THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXVII. NO. 10. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1899. Single Copies 5 Cents.

A SON OF SATAN.

The Hidden Chamber of the Crystal Sphere---Cheating the Gallows---The Thrilling Story of an Imprisoned Soul.

By MARC ROLFE.
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CHAPTER I.
A FATEFUL COMPACT.

Other men have been as cruel, and nothing good could come of a mere recital of ghastly scenes and deeds. It is not to tell of the heartlessness of Dante Dibolis that these pages will be written, but to record the singular and terrible history of the crystal sphere.

To describe Doctor Dibolis would be to make the reader nervous. He was always hideous, at times he was terrifying. How it was that he was chosen to be the medical attendant of Haddon Hakes, a wretch guilty of twenty-seven murders and condemned to die for the last but one, he never knew. Perhaps fate had a hand in it.

Only two days more, and then the execution. Hakes had not been well for a week. He was not ill, and feigned, but he was clearly out of sorts, and Doctor Dibolis' medicine had not produced any good effect.

"If I must hang," said Hakes, "I would like to hang healthy and in good spirits. If I must go to my doom so decidely in bad shape, I would rather die in my cell."

Then the deathwatch noticed something that had attracted his attention several times before. Doctor Dibolis was tapping gently on the stone floor of the cell with the heel of his shoe. To the attendant there was no regularity in the sounds this produced and they indicated to him nothing beyond the involuntary action of a highly wrought and nervous man. Had he ever noted the fact that the condemned prisoner from time to time tapped on the cell floor in a similar way, his suspicions might have been aroused, but he attributed all the sounds to Doctor Dibolis, and, not being familiar with telegraphy, did not know that these two men were carrying on a conversation entirely distinct from their verbal one.

"You," Haddon Hakes tapped in reply. "I know that for me there is no escape from death, but I have planned to show the public how little terror the noose has for me—I wanted to show that I value my own life no more than I have valued the lives of others."

"You're breaking down physically at an alarming rate," tapped Doctor Dibolis; "you cannot control yourself two days from now, however strong-minded and determined you may be. If you could die in this cell you would save yourself disgrace at the final hour."

Doctor Dibolis was a man of strange research. He devoted his leisure to the study of subjects—a knowledge of which the average man is willing to forego until death shall reveal it.

He sought to gain the dread secret of the grave.

He was revolving a weird plan in his mind. Perhaps he might so order the death of this condemned felon as to make it a means of enlightenment to himself. When he considered Hakes' fear that he might be a physical wreck when the hour of his doom should arrive, a way to the accomplishment of a purpose dear to him seemed to open before his mental vision.

"Hakes," he tapped, "just so sure as you live until day after tomorrow you will present a pitiable spectacle."

The deathwatch saw a look of despair on the condemned man's face, such as he had never seen upon it before; but he did not understand.

"You will be weak, nerveless, utterly unable to control yourself. However much you may be in mind the brave and resolute man you have ever been, you will be to all who see you a trembling, wretched, abject and cringing coward."

The murderer groaned.

"Be careful!" tapped Doctor Dibolis, "or the guard may suspect something. Why not die here in your cell, Hakes, calmly and peacefully as the best man may die in the happiest home?"

"How could I do that? I am watched every hour, day and night."

"I might be able to assist you," tapped the doctor.

The murderer of twenty-seven looked at the cool, calculating man of science before him and half shuddered. He could understand murder for robbery or for revenge, but here was a proposition which his crude philosophy had never contemplated.

"That would be murder," he tapped.

Doctor Dibolis shrugged his shoulders and a smile, grim and terrible, irradiated his face.

"No," he tapped, "we scientific people would call it by another name—euthanasia—the simple substitution of a death easy, painless and peaceful for a death hard, agonizing and horrible. Call it murder if you will, but is not the man who commits it a philanthropist rather than a criminal?"

"And could you do this successfully? Remember, we will be under surveillance all the time."

"Yes, with absolute certainty and success."

"And under what conditions?"

"You will be ill and die—that is all. You will be unconscious and know no pain or anxiety. Now, to carry out my plans," Dibolis added, with cunning avarice, "some money will be required; but as you have plenty of that and cannot take it with you, I presume we can easily arrange the financial part of the matter."

The condemned man sat pale and thoughtful. Doctor Dibolis watched him intently.

"What are your terms?" tapped Hakes at last. "It didn't matter so much, but you know I can't get money now. My property must be left for my foster daughter, Ethyl Edwyn, the betrothed wife of Hugh Denby."

"That signifies nothing. I can use my own money for you and pay myself out of your estate. Leave your wealth to me in trust for the girl and I will attend to this business and all else."

"I am anxious to protect Ethyl's interests in every way."

"I will take care of her and give her the property when she comes of age. If she marries sooner, I will settle it her in life."

"Swear to that."

"I sincerely swear," tapped the doctor.

"Call a lawyer," tapped Hakes, "and I will make my will."

Within an hour everything owned by the condemned murderer except his evil name, had been bequeathed to Dibolis in trust for Ethyl Edwyn.

"When am I to die?" tapped Hakes when the lawyer had gone.

"I will be more merciful to you than the law," was the answer of Dibolis, "I will not torture you by designating the hour and leaving you to count the minutes. Here is something to steady you a bit—drink!"

The man under sentence of death drank and soon slept soundly.

He dealt the guard a stunning blow in the face.

CHAPTER II.
THE CRYSTAL SPHERE.

When Doctor Dibolis saw that Haddon Hakes slept he turned toward the guard with a smile that made the latter shudder.

"If he does not awaken in three hours, send for me," he said. "It is now a quarter to ten."

He thrust his watch in his pocket and took his departure without saying anything more. In fifteen minutes he was seated in his private room, a gloomy apartment, hung with black all around, carefully reading the last will and testament of Haddon Hakes.

"'Tis well," he murmured. "Everything is left to Dante Dibolis in trust for Ethyl Edwyn, adopted daughter of Haddon Hakes. Of course, if Ethyl Edwyn should die before attaining her majority Dante Dibolis could take his own time and handle the property in his own way. If she should live Dante Dibolis might marry her, but it would be awkward for me if she should live and marry Hugh Denby. She is only eighteen—I am sixty-eight—funny if she should die first. Ha, ha, ha!" and Doctor Dibolis laughed a rough, insinuating laugh which gradually grew weak and ran in volume until he fell asleep in his chair.

He was awakened by the bell. The ring was peremptory, and, somehow, he believed it was far removed from the first.

He yelled through the tube: "Well, what's wanted?"

"Doctor Dibolis is wanted at the jail."

He glanced at his watch and saw that it was now one o'clock. Three hours and a quarter had elapsed since he had left the jail.

"I will come right away," he answered.

He found the deathwatch and the jailer in a state of alarm.

"Hakes is asleep," they exclaimed; "he has been asleep ever since you left, more than three hmours ago, and we cannot awaken him."

"I will see what can be done," replied Doctor Dibolis, with a smile that made the jailer slink into a corner. "Have you tried to awaken him?"

"Yes," answered the deathwatch, "we have tried in different ways, but without avail."

Doctor Dibolis approached the doomed man and regarded him intently. Again the jailer and the deathwatch saw his face lighten up with that horrible smile.

"Hakes!" the doctor cried. "Rouse up! It is 1!"

There was no sign of awakening.

Again and again Doctor Dibolis attempted in different ways to arouse the condemned murderer, but there was no response.

"This case is just a little uncommon," he said at length. "I will have to report to the scientific means. He is in no immediate danger. Do not be alarmed. I will bring him around in due time if you will follow my instructions. You wouldn't want him to cheat the gallows now, would you?"

"No," answered the jailer, determinedly. "If any man ever deserved hanging that man does. I will follow your instructions to the letter, but I don't want to call the sheriff. You know I am answerable to him for everything."

"The man is in no immediate danger," Doctor Dibolis said a second time, nodding assent to the jailer's proposition. "Do nothing until I return. I will be back in half an hour—three-quarters at the latest."

He proceeded at once to his house, and when he was again in the dark tapestried room lost no time in unlocking a deep chest within was concealed by some of the hangings.

He produced a large square chest, iron bound and securely fastened by a huge padlock. Opening it hurriedly, he carefully lifted from it a shapeless object, globular form and encased in a thick wrapping of flannel.

It was a glass globe about two and one-half feet in diameter, and transparent as crystal sphere, hollow and about an inch in thickness.

Doctor Dibolis ranged it with the greatest caution and set it on a small circular stand in the middle of the glazed apartment.

He wiped it carefully with his handkerchief, closed the chest thoroughly and then replaced it. As he locked the padlock he said almost under his breath:

"Ah, Haddon Hakes, if you often told me you were the devil's man and that nothing could save your soul from him, I'm thinking of doom. You may have been mistaken, Haddon Hakes—you may have erred—but you'll be able to cheat the arch fiend of your soul yet—who can tell? I can at least say at the same time penetrate the mystery of death. You had to die, Haddon Hakes, but human power could help you, and if I can keep your soul from tormenta I shall speak a greater service than I have promised to do. But I must be discreet, very discreet, or I may be prevented from carrying out my plans."

He called a cab and, summoning a servant from the rear part of the house, bade him put the square iron-bound chest on the seat inside the driver.

The servant was dark of visage and of most forbidding appearance. He was in every way to be the helper of such a master as Doctor Dibolis. He spoke with a foreign accent, paid close attention to his master's instructions, and obeyed them with the utmost fidelity to details.

In less than three-quarters of an hour from the time Doctor Dibolis had departed from the jail he returned and the square chest containing the crystal sphere was brought after him into the cell of Haddon Hakes.

The condemned murderer slept on. No attempt had been made to arouse him since Dibolis had departed, but the jailer, the deathwatch, and the sheriff sat beside his iron bed, their faces showing something of the worry and suspense under which they suffered.

"His condition does not appear to have changed materially," said Doctor Dibolis, bending over him. "I will administer a strong tonic and stimulant that will greatly increase his energy."

Hakes was supported in a sitting posture and Doctor Dibolis poured a teaspoonful of some colorless liquid between his lips. Then he sat down in the farther corner of the cell and waited with such a domestic smile on his face that no one present liked to look at him.

"Hakes seems to be sinking," said the sheriff at length.

Doctor Dibolis unlocked the chest containing the crystal sphere.

CHAPTER III.

A MYSTERIOUS VIGIL.

There was an expression of demoniac cunning on Doctor Dibolis' face as he bent over the chest containing the mysterious crystal sphere.

"If there is anything in science," he said, "we have him out of his stupor in three. Before I resort to more heroic treatment, I will give him another restorative potion."

Again Haddon Hakes was raised to a sitting posture without showing any signs of reanimation, and again the doctor poured a few drops of white liquid between his lips.

As the condemned murderer was lowered to the iron bed, Doctor Dibolis tore open his shirt bosom with a hypodermic needle and injected a watery fluid in a tiny opening which he made with the needle in the left consecious man's breast.

Then the doctor sat down and held one of Hakes' hands, with a firm pressure on the convict's pulse.

At length Dibolis shook his head gravely and with a peculiar expression on his face, which, somehow, made the sheriff feel creepy.

"He gets no better," said Dibolis, "but I have a means here that will revive any man but a dead man, and if you will notice how strongly Hakes' heart beats you will believe he has a good deal of life in him yet."

From inside the chest somewhere the doctor produced the point of a steel-like stereoscopic metallic structure, which he specifically fitted together. At the top was a short projecting arm, which depended from a strong yet fragile golden chain.

Pushing his transparent globe to the iron bed of the unconscious assassin, he so placed it that the extremity of the out-reaching arm was directly over the face of Hakes and the end of the golden chain swung not three feet above it.

The sheriff, the jailer and the guard watched him wonderingly.

With the greatest care Dibolis lifted the crystal sphere from the chest and, by means of a golden ring fastened to its surface, hung the glass globe on a hook at the end of the golden chain.

As the crystal sphere was about two feet six inches in diameter its under surface was not more than five or six inches above the face of the heavily breathing convict.

Then Dibolis took from its place in the chest a glass contrivance, heavy and dense, formed somewhat like a short trumpet. The larger end of which he placed closely over Hakes' mouth, and the smaller end of which he attached to a tiny opening in the lower part of the crystal sphere. In a moment the formation of mist on the inner surface of the sphere showed that the convict had respiratory communication with the interior by means of the transparent mouthpiece.

The others did not question him. He was a man of recognized scientific attainments. They were not half educated and they had no thought that he was not doing what was for the best. To them the crystal sphere, which it filled them with wonder, was like a thousand other scientific mysteries.

"There," said Doctor Dibolis, slowly. "It may be hours before I can take this apparatus away. There is nothing more that I can do. I suppose the deathwatch will have to remain, but, Mr. Sheriff and Mr. Jailer, it would be a kindness to my patient if you would withdraw and see that no one approaches the cell except myself. Should I need you I will call you."

The two were evidently some apparent reluctance, and, except for the deathwatch, Doctor Dibolis was alone with his patient.

"What can I do to help you?" asked the guard, gazing curiously at the crystal sphere.

"Nothing, my good man, nothing," replied the doctor; "there is nothing that anyone can do now except to wait. Everything is a matter of time."

The deathwatch noticed that the doctor was strangely nervous. His hands and limbs trembled and his voice was uneven.

"You could do us both good," the doctor said, "to take a drop of brandy." He handed a small flask to the guard, from which the latter drank sparingly. As for Doctor Dibolis he took three good draughts and the warm stimulant seemed to steady his nerves a little.

After that the doctor sat down by the side of the bed and again pressed the convict's pulse, watching him closely through the transparent mouthpiece as he breathed with regularity, if not strength.

Presently he glanced over his patient to the deathwatch and saw that the man was asleep.

"Ah!" he chuckled in very little of that morphine does for that man. His system isn't accustomed to it, and mine is. Well, the sheriff knew, for Hakes don't count for much."

He sat quite still, watching the convict intently. At times he would glance nervously at the crystal sphere, which glistened dimly in the light which fell upon it through the little grated window above.

There was no sound whatever in the cell except the heavy breathing of the deathwatch and the noises made by carpenters who were erecting the scaffold a distant part of the jail.

Two hours passed thus. The guard did not awaken, and Doctor Dibolis was not interrupted in his silent vigil beside his convict patient. Then Hakes began to breathe more gently and his pulse beat was less forceful.

Doctor Dibolis leaned over him and gazed searchingly into his face.

"It may be minutes; it may be hours," he murmured. "I must be prepared, however."

As he spoke he struck the crystal sphere a sharp blow with the handle of a small knife. It gave forth a clear, ringing, musical sound which awoke the guard.

CHAPTER IV.

DIBOLIS' FEARFUL TRIUMPH.

The guard rubbed his eyes and was conscious of a splitting headache, a very bad taste in his mouth and a distracting dryness in his throat. But he forgot all of the unpleasant things when his gaze fell on Doctor Dibolis.

It was evident to the guard that the doctor was not aware that the penetrating sound of the vibrant crystal sphere had aroused him from his lethargy.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dibolis almost under his breath; "the sphere is perfect, the connections are intact, the patient is sinking rapidly, and there can be no failure. At last, at last, after all these years, I shall know, I shall know!"

To the guard the deathwatch was by the doctor's side.

"Sinking! Did you say he is sinking?"

"Sh—" hissed Dibolis. "Fool! Would you ruin all just when my triumph is almost complete? I would not let your worthless life stand in my way now. Beware!"

He faced the guard with a mien so awful that the latter shuddered and put his hand to his pocket where the bulging shape of a revolver was visible.

But Dibolis was too quick for him. He dealt the guard a sudden stunning blow in the face which sent him to the floor, then he quickly disarmed him.

"Now," said Dibolis pointing the revolver at the guard's head, "I have no right to send you out of here and don't want to do it, but you are to interfere with me in no way and you are not to speak to anyone about what has just occurred, or you may occur in this cell. If you disobey this injunction I will surely kill you. Now, sit down again."

There was a look of such hideous malevolence in Dibolis' face that it terrified the guard more than any mere threat could have done. He knew that the doctor would surely murder him if he disobeyed and he was mystified as to the import of the menacing mood of this apparent madman. Wonderingly he sank upon the chair where he had lately sat as guard.

As he did so Dibolis turned again toward the bed. He put his ear to his chest and listened to his respirations, he felt the pulse of his heart and he looked long and searchingly into his white face which now had a ghastly and shrunken appearance.

As Dibolis stood up again, there was a rapping at the cell door.

The guard made a motion as if intending upon opening it, but the doctor waved him aside and, keeping his eye in the great lock and was confronted by the sheriff who said:

"Miss Edwyn is here—Miss Ethyl Edwyn."

"Ah, Hakes' foster daughter. And what does she want?" asked Dibolis.

"She says she has said good-by to Hakes today."

"No one can see Hakes today," said the doctor, decisively. "Tell her to come tomorrow."

"Tomorrow may be too late," said the guard. The sheriff went away as he spoke and did not hear him, for Dibolis drowned the sound of his voice with the clanging lock.

Turning, the doctor placed a hand over the shoulder of the guard and gazed into his eyes with a look of such demoniac wickedness that he longed him to free him from his threatening inquisition.

"Now, trying to read your mind with respect to your intention to obey me," said Dibolis, "I perceive that you mean to obey me. You will not speak again until I shall speak to you." This was an assertion, not a command.

The guard felt a welcome relief when the doctor took his gaze off of his shoulders and his gaze off his face. He watched him walk unsteadily back and again station himself beside Hakes.

As Dibolis watched the pulse of the convict he awful suffering of expectancy came upon his face, and the deathwatch saw him gaze up and into the depths of the crystal sphere.

Dibolis was breathing hard and fast and appeared from moment to moment to be under greater and greater mental and nervous tension.

At times he darkly reeled in his seat. He had no heed for the guard. The latter believed that his presence had been forgotten, sometimes he felt a temptation to spring to the door, turn the key and make his escape from the cell and from the scene within it. But he was powerless to move or to speak.

"Good God!" he thought; "that terrible man has put me under some awful spell. He said I would not speak again until he addressed me and I cannot do it—if my tongue had no heed to the power of my will it would not be more dumb. Heavenly Father, I believe that demoniac fiend has succeeded with his mysterious apparatus, is not to save life, but to kill. If Hakes is not dying, I am sure that he is dead."

Again Dibolis examined his senseless patient and then resumed his seat. He looked hard the while like some desperate beast of prey. Then, without looking behind him at the guard, now more than ever terrified, he sprang back and stationed himself in front of the door of the cell against the iron bed, stood with bated breath and bulging eyes, watching and waiting.

The gaze of the guard was fastened upon the thin, shallow face of Dibolis, now pale and drawn and ghastly face of the seeming maniac, and it was one of Dibolis not to a sudden and imperative movement toward the crystal sphere that the beholder again saw the face of the doctor reflected in it.

He saw the body of Hakes contract and then relax. Under the glass mouthpiece the convict appeared to be gasping. He seemed to smirk down a little on the bed; then there came an awful stillness over his whole form.

At that instant the crystal sphere seemed to give forth a sound like a sigh, and a muffled, almost inaudible, like a church bell after long-an unearthly sound it was—was drowned by a gutteral shriek from Dibolis.

"Fiend!" he cried, removing the crystal mouthpiece from the face of the

Doctor Dibolis examined it with the greatest care.

"To Do Ill Costs More Than To Do Well."

This "wise saw" might properly read, "It costs more to BE ill than to BE well." The source of all health is rich, strong blood. It is to the body what the mighty streams are to the earth. If the blood is pure, the body thrives; if the blood is weak or impoverished, then every pulse-beat carries weakness instead of strength.

Why make the cost of living more than it need be? Purify your blood and give nature a chance to do its level best. The only reliable blood purifier and vigor-maker is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It brings good, perfect health. It never disappoints.

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Never Disappoints

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corpse and deftly closing the apparatus in the sphere. "Friends, I defy you all! Now, at last, I demonstrate my power over death! Here I have a man's soul imprisoned!"

This intensely interesting story will be finished next week. See page fifteen for special notice to subscribers.

CONCERT OF THE BIRDS.

The birds gave a concert
One summer day;
In a green treetop
Over the way.

Thrushes and linnets
And bluejays together,
Every one of them
In his very best feather.

The larks and the blackbirds
Came in a crowd,
And goldbreasted robins
Swelled so proud.

The wrens and the sparrows
Came with the rest,
Each one determined
To do just his best.

The robins were leaders,
They pitched the tune high;
The larks went x-soaring
Up to the sky.

The voices of bluejays
Are hoarsish all blended
And every one thought
The concert was splendid.

TRUE STORY OF PLUCK.

BY F. ALBERT.

Georgraphies show that in western Ontario, some fifty miles north of the lake of that name, lies Lake Simcoe, about fifty miles long by thirty miles in width. Near the center of this lake is Strawberry Island, a popular summer resort. Among the visitors at the Strawberry Island hotel in the summer of 1896, were the Galbraiths and the Patersons, the families of two business men of Toronto, who themselves came to the island every week to spend Sunday.

Mrs. Patterson had then an infant daughter a little over a year old; and Mrs. Galbraith a boy, Alan, then 9 years old.

About half-past four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, July 30, Alan was playing on the beach, when along came George Ward, a good-natured young Irishman employed at the hotel, and offered to take Alan in a boat for a short row. The boy accepted eagerly, and a minute later McDuff had run a small skiff down to the water and was putting the lad into it, when the little 13-year-old nurse girl charged with the care of the baby came to the boat landing, with the baby in her arms, and asked the privilege also. Her name is Ethel Smith.

McDuff accordingly consented, and the party started for an island two miles off.

Now, Lake Simcoe lies high, and storms on it come on suddenly, while they sometimes very severe. McDuff had not pulled a mile before the wind, which had been blowing mildly from the southwest, veered round to the northwest and quickly became a gale. McDuff, wishing to take no risks with three children in the boat, put about and tried to return to Strawberry Island and pulled hard. But as he pulled the force of the gale increased, and at last it became clear to him that despite his utmost efforts he could not be driven out into open water, and toward the shore of the mainland, seventeen miles distant.

Though the wind and water beat furiously against the port quarter of the frail little craft, and there was danger every moment that the boat would be swamped, Ethel sat quiet, with the baby in her arms. Alan, hardly realizing the danger, was also quiet, confident in McDuff's ability to get them safely home.

At last McDuff's strength was almost spent, and he saw it was useless to drive any longer against the wind. To run with it, seemed to be the best chance of escape, and so McDuff turned the bow toward the mainland, and then used the oars only to keep her stern to the wind. The gale, seizing on the boat and its passengers, blew them faster than the following sea, and Alan, with a bailing tin, was at first able to keep out such an inflow as bailing creata occasionally poured over the sides.

Darkness came on soon, and the little party was in a more melancholy plight than ever. When they got completely out of the lee of Strawberry Island, waves threatened to swamp the stern of the boat as often they washed into the sides, and only by bailing for dear life, himself, was McDuff able to keep it afloat. All had long since been wet to the skin, except the baby, whom the little girl with assiduous faithfulness kept fairly dry and comfortable.

McDuff had no precise idea where the boat was drifting, but hoped to be driven to the southern shore of the lake. At last, amid the darkness he saw a glimmer of light; judging by the force of the wind, this must have been before midnight. As far as he dared interfere with the course of the boat, he strove to direct it to the light, and as they neared the shore, which he could dimly see, they drifted toward a wharf, which McDuff knew to be that of the small town of Beaverton, seventeen miles from where they had started.

Utterly tired out, he could make but a desperate and fruitless effort to keep the boat off the wharf, over which waves were washing, and the boat was blown straight to it. Ethel Smith, too, saw the danger, and sat still and grave, clutching more tightly the infant in her arms.

But at the moment when they were expecting the boat to be smashed to pieces, and themselves pounded against the crib-work, an immense rolling wave lifted up the little craft, tipped it and its four occupants right on the wharf, overturned it there, and swept it and them into the water on the farther side.

As they fell into the water, a receding wave dashed them back under the wharf. The little nurse girl, faithfully clinging to her charge, came to the wooden crib on one hand, and by a desperate effort climbed into the stone structure underneath the wharf, where the water was less than three feet deep. Fortuna favored McDuff and Alan also. The boy had learned to swim, since the beginning of his holidays at Strawberry Island, and, swimming, he was thrown against McDuff. The two were then living, as Ethel had been, under the wharf, and succeeded, as she had done, in climbing into the crib.

Here, in two or three feet of surging water, they spent the night, and it being daylight and calm, all were now so weak they could make the little further effort to save themselves. Overhead was the planking of the wharf, around them water and the lake. In the darkness and the storm, exhausted as they were, they shouted for help for hours, but were deafened, for the howling storm mocked their feeble cries. Through the night huge waves dashed against the wharf, broke and rolled in against the crib.

Ethel and McDuff knew still to spare the children as far as possible. The little nurse girl held the baby in her arms, while McDuff held first Ethel and then Alan on his knee, changing each as frequently as he could.

Daylight came at last, though the fury of the storm continued almost unabated. McDuff felt sure that search-parties had been organized on his non appearance, and the children, and hoped the search would be watched for from the wharf, which indeed proved to be the case.

All night a search-party had explored the shores of the lake for a distance of twenty-five miles each more. Some of them reached Beaverton, and soon after daylight McDuff saw two men whom he knew on the wharf, one of them Galbraith, and John Steele—and was sure they were looking for the bodies.

He hailed them as loudly as he could, but the strong wind bore his voice away and lost. Ethel joined her voice to his, but to no purpose.

Cudahy and Steele never thought of looking under the wharf. They had seen the boat capsize, and, as they supposed, they sought now along the shore.

McDuff, when he finally found that he and Ethel were in utter despair as they saw the men turn on their heels. But at that moment a wave was passing under on a wave, and a gleam of hope came to McDuff. He took off his coat, tied the sleeves and a piece of cotton that he had tied around a handkerchief to the fingers of Alan, the two and pushed it between the planks overhead, with a view of attracting attention.

About half-past eight o'clock, sixteen hours after the boating party had left Strawberry Island, the two standing on the shore saw the rag waving on McDuff's hat, and, thinking it a signal, came out curious an object. The storm had now moderated, and by using the rags for the flag, unseen by the party underneath the wharf, they soon got the feeble cries. They shouted and McDuff replied.

Hardly believing their ears, the men took off their clothes and, after some difficult task, yet the quickest means of rescue—and threw a rope down into the hole in the crib.

Alan boy, Alan, was at the last stage of exhaustion when rescued, and Ethel Smith was in hardly better plight. When the little party was brought to the resting-place a short time proved almost as dangerous as the storm through which they had come. Ethel and Alan became delirious, and Mc-Duff himself was brought to the verge of utter collapse and suffering intense pain. For days he could use no knife, his hands and had no control over the muscles.

The baby, thanks to the bravery and faithfulness of the nurse girl, had suffered the least of the party, and was soon as well as ever. Alan was delirious also in a few hours, after a good meal, Ethel went into a fever and for a day or two her life was in danger.

All happily recovered, however, and a few days after the adventure there was a little gathering of the guests of the Strawberry Island hotel, when the nurse girl was presented with a gold ring in recognition of her courage, faithfulness and devotion to duty.

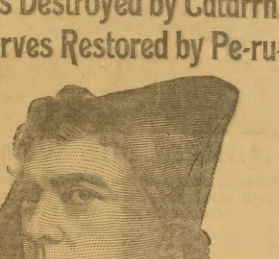
Later on, the Royal Humane society of Canada took notice of the affair. Both Ethel and McDuff were rewarded with medals, and their names added to the roll of honor of the society.—Youth's Companion.

Cure For Obesity.

One of the best remedies for obesity or corpulency, an exceedingly simple one, is to eat only one thing at a meal. It does not matter greatly what that one thing is, whether it is any one kind of fruit or any one grain—but the prescription is, eat one article, and one article only at one meal.

Henry Watterson will hear to nothing but expansion, and he would like first to have it applied on the fullest extent on his little gold Democratic party.

Nerves Destroyed by Catarrh. Nerves Restored by Pe-ru-na.



MR. ROBERT B MANTELL, THE GREAT ROMANTIC ACIOR.

Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:

Dear Sir—The bottle of Pe-ru-na at hand. It is a splendid and most invigorating, refreshing to the nerves and brain. It is one of the best tonics I have ever used. It makes me feel like a new man. Yours sincerely. R. B. Mantell.

Catarrh and Nervousness.

A nervous person nearly always has catarrh. Catarrh is one of the ways in which a depraved condition of the nervous system shows itself. Catarrhal people are soon made nervous. The relation between chronic catarrh and nervous debility is most intimate.

Catarrh is chronic congestion of some mucous membrane. The nerves, which should guard the mucous membrane against congestion, are depressed and their function partly destroyed. The nerves that should control the circulation in the mucous membrane are called the vasa-motor system. Any disorder or depression of the general nervous system soon leads to depression of the vasa-motor system. Depression of the vasa-motor system of nerves at once causes chronic catarrh.

Any remedy to effect a radical cure of chronic catarrh must operate directly through the nerves, invigorating the mucous circulation.

Mrs. C. C. Filler, of 1314½ South Fourth street, Columbus, O., writes: "For ten or fifteen years, I have been subject to nervous dyspepsia. I would have spells of nervous trembling in my stomach. I had smothered feelings, I was suffering from what is called nervous prostration. My stomach felt bloated and I was constantly weak and trembling. I consulted several physicians, who treated me without doing me any good. I had almost given up in despair when I heard of Pe-ru-na. It was about two years ago that I first took Pe-ru-na. I found it an immediate relief to all my disagreeable symptoms. It is the only medicine that has ever been of any benefit to me."

Dr. Hartman's latest book, entitled "Catarrh Catarrh," sent free. Address The Peru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

TOO FRESH.

"There is a slang expression about being too fresh," said the drummer, as he lighted his cigar. "I have adopted that expression and written it at the head of the first page of my note book, so that it will be constantly before me.

"Last fall I changed cars at a little junction in the western part of the state. It was a dreary spot, and the trains never connect within three hours of each other. Finding time hanging heavy on my hands I went and ordered over to an orchard near by, where there was some promising looking fruit. I was so busily engaged in throwing stones at a luscious looking apple in the top of one of the trees that I did not notice an old farmer bearing down upon me with blood in his eye. When I discovered him it was too late to flee, so I concluded to face it out.

"'Fine orchard you've got here,' said I, opening on him before he had a chance to get in the first word. 'It will be a pity to spoil it by running a railroad through it.'

"'Hey?' said the farmer.

"I remarked,' said I, that it will be a pity to spoil such a fine orchard by running a railroad through it. I am the general manager of the road, and I have been looking it over with a view of straightening out some of the kinks. I have about concluded to run the road through your orchard and thus get rid of the bad curve just beyond.'

"This disarmed the old man at once and placed him in a most complaisant mood.

"'General manager, be ye?' said he. 'Wul, come up ter the house an' we'll talk it over.'

"I thought the old man had something in the line of wet goods that he wanted me to sample in the hope that it might put me in good humor and save his orchard. I looked at my watch and seeing that I had plenty of time, I concluded to carry on the joke, so I followed him up to the house.

"As we were passing a brick smokehouse the old man threw the door open and invited me to inspect a fine lot of hams that he had inside. I stepped in the doorway and as I did so the old man gave me a shove that sent me inside upon my hands and knees. Before I could recover myself he had thrown the door shut and locked it.

"'General manager, be ye?' he hauled through a crack in the door.

"'I didn't think it wise to deny it, so I shouted back that I was, and moreover that I would take pains to see that the railroad ran straight through his house.

"'Wul, we'll talk it over later,' said he. 'Mebbee that thar bill that I sent ter Washington for them sheep—'

"'I truthfully replied that I didn't.

"'Wul,' said he, 'you'll stay where ye air' till ye do. I've got ye here where I want ye, an-if ye don't pay me that thar $15 that ye owe me for killin' them sheep the railroad is goin' ter be short one general manager.'

"I tried to explain the true situation, but he refused to listen to me. I was in a fix where I was. While I was arguing with the old man I heard my train whistle a mile or so off. I had an important appointment to meet, and I simply had to catch that train, so I poked $15 through the crack.

"The old man unlocked the door and I was stepping out when he stopped me with his weight against it.

"'Poke out five cents more,' he shouted.

"'What for?' I howled as I heard my train getting nearer and nearer.

"'For postage stamps that I wasted writin' ye about that thar bill.'

"I didn't have time to argue the question, so I poked out fifty cents more and legged it for my train."

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

A big book with 200 pages—full of fun—a great original and only secret society for boys under 15 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, grand secret emblem, secret language, many initiations, etc. The society is free—no dues—no pledges. Any boy can belong to this society. Boys, write for this book at once. Members everywhere. Send us your name and address and we will send you the book and the name of several boys you think would like to join. Address THE STAR, 121 Nation Street, Oak Park, Ill.

A Maharajah's Revenge.

The Maharanee of Nepaul, India, recently committed suicide in horror at the disfigurement which an attack of small-pox caused in her features. The maharajah, who was passionately attached to her, first wreaked his vengeance on the physicians who had attended her in her illness. Then he flew at higher game. Out of the great temple he brought the idols, placed loaded cannon before them and bade gunners fire in terror at the proposed blasphemy they refused, whereupon the maharajah banned several of them. The survivors then submitted, and the guns were fired and the idols blown to pieces.

Sandwich these in wherever you can on the remaining pages of the Monthly.

SAMPLES MAILED FREE

A Wonderful Remedy Discovered For the Cure of

CATARRH AND DEAFNESS

Deaf Ears Unstopped—Headache Banished—Eyes, Nose, Throat, Lungs and Stomach Diseases Cured.

"After being deaf for five years, one box of your Catarrh Cure cured me."

The above was written to Dr. J. W. Bloser & Son by Mr. Paul Rupert, of Saltillo, Pa., and is only one out of hundreds of similar letters. The remedy is applied in the form of a medicated smoke-vapor inhaled from a pipe. By a simple, process, which we explain in the directions accompanying the remedy, the medicine is made to enter the middle ear and every passage and cavity in the head, removing the disease from every affected part.

If you wish a sample and full particulars, testimonials, etc., write at once to Dr. J. W. Bloser & Son, 91 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined---The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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SYNOPSIS.

Gaspard and Helene de Fontenelle, twins, and eight hear mother's death reared by Madame Beaumont, are on their twenty-first birthday receiving a visit from their father. Instead of Gaspard Basello arrives and summons them to visit their father. They cross a long distance into the forest of Fontainebleau with Pedro, and come to a clearing in the hidden seat of a band of robbers known as the Scarlet Masks. They find that their father is chief of the robbers and is dying. He commands Gaspard to take his place as chief and to avenge the wrongs done to his father and mother. He tells his children that in his youth he had married with Count de Kercheval, whose son, a dissolute fellow, also married a rich cousin by whom he had a daughter. This daughter afterward he ruined Gaspard's father, however, him charged with theft in order that he might secure the young Mrs. Fontenelle, but she died. He left a broken heart and Fontenelle joined the Scarlet Masks and in time became their chief. Gaspard becomes the chief of the Scarlet Masks. Helene remains to aid him. Pedro is to leave the country. The Count de Kercheval, now growing old, has returned after twenty years in the old chateau. His beautiful daughter Marguerite is with him. Her son Armande, a officer in the army, is ordered to visit his father and sister. Fontenelle is to be commissioned to capture Armande and to wound the father, his old enemy. Gaspard, hating the awful task, prepares to do so.

CHAPTER V.--(Continued.)

A little while later Gaspard and Helene stood together in the great hall of the ancient castle. At the bottom of the stone steps three horsemen waited, Pedro and his companions, one of the bandits holding by the bridle the horse Gaspard was to ride.

Gaspard was clad in the somber garb of the bandits and held in his hand a scarlet mask.

For a moment brother and sister stood, grasping each other's hand in silence. Gaspard's eyes lingered tenderly, yearningly upon Helene's brilliant face. A beautiful face, but at that moment utterly lacking in womanly softness, the red lips cruel, the eyes cold.

Gaspard bent forward and kissed her.

"Adieu, my Helene," he murmured.

"Nay, we will only say au revoir, Gaspard," she replied. "When we meet again our father will be avenged."

He raised the mask over his face, ran down the steps and sprang upon his horse.

Thick branches of the trees and heavy undergrowth which concealed the bridle path were held apart by two bandits.

"Follow me," said Pedro, to Gaspard, as he put his spurs into his horse and led the way, and single file they dashed down the path which was cut through the densest part of the forest.

About ten minutes' riding and a huge boulder, easily nine feet in height, barred their progress. Pedro dismounted, pressed against a stone bowlder which, with the usual sound Gaspard remembered, swung aside, disclosing a carriage road. Pedro led his horse through to the road, Gaspard and the bandits following. Pedro pressed again upon the bowlder which swung back into its place.

Gaspard could not fathom by what mechanism the bowlder was worked, but he was impressed by the clever contrivance and no longer wondered that the Scarlet Masks had for so long been able to conceal their retreat.

He said something of this to Pedro as they rode side by side along the road.

"How did the Scarlet Masks originate?" he asked.

"It is said," replied Pedro, "that our retreat is the ancestral home of a French noble. Count Leon de Launay, a reckless, daring fellow, who, after running the gauntlet with nearly all he possessed, took to highway robbery. But here in the place where we then and conceal ourselves Armande de Kercheval must pass this way to reach the chateau."

CHAPTER VI.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Helene sat upon the couch in the room which had been the dead chief's. There she had passed the day since, save for the time Hortense had been with her when she brought the noon-day meal.

"What a long, long day it has been," murmured Helene, as she moved her dark head restlessly on the silken cushion. "But it will soon be over."

At that moment the heavy curtains were thrust aside and Pedro stood upon the threshold.

The man's swarthy face was pale, and shrinkingly his eyes met the girl's as she rose and looked at him inquiringly.

"You have returned," she said. "But where is my brother? Why does he not come at once to me?"

There was a moment's silence and then Pedro replied:

"I bring you ill news, mademoiselle. Your brother is dead; Armande de Kercheval killed him."

She reeled and clutched at the couch, but, as the man made an involuntary movement towards her, she recovered herself, and stood erect. Her face had grown hueless as the dead, but she spoke in a voice wonderfully calm.

"Where is my brother's body?" she asked.

"In the hall outside," replied Pedro.

"Have it brought in here," she said.

Pedro turned and passed out.

The girl stood white and motionless as a statue, her eyes fixed upon the heavy curtains draping the doorway.

In a little while they were put aside by Pedro, and four of the bandits entered, bearing in their arms the body of Gaspard.

They laid him there, and Helene, pointing to the couch upon which her father had died, bade them place it at a right angle. Pedro left the room.

Helene moved forward and stood looking down upon the dead. The boyish face looked very peaceful and very calm. The dark cloak covering his breast was wet with blood.

For some time Helene stood, gazing down upon the dead form.

Pedro stood apart, watching her in some bewilderment. He had expected her to weep as other women would have done. Her stony calmness nonplussed him, left him at a loss what to say.

"She has the will of a strong man, with a woman's loveliness of face and form," he thought.

Suddenly she lifted her eyes, black as midnight in the marble pallor of her face, and spoke:

"You say my brother was killed by Armande de Kercheval," she said. "I presume your information on his manner of journeying to the Chateau de Kercheval was at last fully? Others, beside his servant, accompanied him."

"No, mademoiselle, no one accompanied him save his servant," replied Pedro, eagerly. "As I told you, I have heard that this Armande de Kercheval was bold and fearless, but, after all, I did not correctly sum up the man. He was not bold to deal."

Her eyes dashed, her hueless lips curled scornfully.

"So," she said, "you, with your great strength, backed by your two men, allowed this man to kill your master, the chief of your brotherhood?"

A sullen red crept into Pedro's cheeks. It all his bold, daring, wicked life no one had ever spoken to him with such scorn as that which awoke within him died as his eyes met Helene's, the girl, who knew not the meaning of fear and who was beautiful even with her face of marble.

"The Armande de Kercheval has the strength and intrepidity of three men, if would appear," he said, at last, in a voice made the mistake of being too confident of his own prowess which, but the chief fault, pardon me mademoiselle, lay with your brother, and he has paid the penalty with his life. I will not weary you with details, a few words will explain all. Your brother failed to take Armande de Kercheval unawares and kill him before he grasped the situation, according to my instructions. Whether this was intentional or whether he himself was the clever contriver. But the result was that Armande de Kercheval put a bullet through your brother's heart, killing him instantly, and, leaping from his horse, sword thrust from which he died in a few minutes. Armande de Kercheval is no servant, a powerful and brave fellow, whose corpse now lies in the hall awaiting your attention. "It was understood that your brother was to kill Armande de Kercheval, and it never occurred to me that he, with the two men he had with him, would be a match for the fellow. There would have been no complications at all, however, if de Fontenelle had followed my instructions. I cannot understand what caused him to act in the manner that he did."

Helene's eyes rested again upon the young, dead face. She understood; ay, as well as though those dead, mute lips had uttered and told her.

She bent and tenderly touched the dark hair curling about the marble brow.

"You were good, too noble, my Gaspard," she whispered.

Pedro moved a little nearer to her.

"Mademoiselle, your father and your brother both shall be avenged," he said. "I shall never rest until I have killed this Armande de Kercheval."

She started and turned swiftly toward him. He never forgot the look of hatred, undying, relentless, pitiless, which filled her eyes. Her lips were drawn back from her gleaming white teeth in a snarl, like an enraged animal's.

"Leave Armande de Kercheval to me," she cried. She turned again to the dead, adding, "Go, I wish to be alone. Let no one disturb me."

Pedro inclined his head and passed from the room.

When the time for the evening meal arrived Hortense sought him.

"Shall I go to her with food?" she asked. Pedro shook his head impatiently.

"No, leave her undisturbed," he replied.

The woman lingered.

"How does she bear this?" she asked.

"As no other woman would bear it--with wonderful fortitude," he replied.

Hortense's scarlet lips curled scornfully.

"She has little of woman's softness and tenderness," she said. "I am sure she cannot love nor su er as other women."

"You are wrong, Hortense," he said. "She will love some day more tenderly, more passionately than most women," and Hortense, looking up into the fierceness of his eyes, hated, as she had never hated anything before, the woman keeping a lonely vigil beside her dead.

She turned away in silence and left him.

The hours passed.

The bandits, assembled in the great hall, talked excitedly, but in low tones, over the tragic events of the day.

Pedro sat apart, his eyes fixed upon the curtains draping the doorway of the room where Helene de Fontenelle sat alone with her dead. Suddenly he started to his feet. The curtains were thrust aside and Helene came forth.

She advanced to the center of the room, paused, and, in silence, looked round upon the faces of the bandits. She was as pale as marble, there were purple shadows beneath her eyes, but no traces of tears.

Pedro started forward, but stopped abruptly as she spoke, her words rooting him to the floor with amazement.

"Men of the Scarlet Masks," she said, "he who was my father and my brother is dead. Will you accept me in his place?"

For a moment the silence of utter astonishment. Some of the bandits gazed curiously upon the girl, wondering if her brother's death had turned her brain.

"It is true I am a woman," she continued, "but I am Gaspard's twin sister, and a darling, and I know not the meaning of fear. Will you accept me? Is my part too sound to you preposterous, but, by the love you bore Gaspard, I ask it. I wish my time to be your chief for one month. If at the end of that time I have not gratified you will vow to withdraw. I promise you that I will go without one word of protest. What say you?"

She drew herself erect and her flashing, dauntless eyes swept with fire over the face to another. Though she was but a slim girlish figure there was that in her influence over those great strong men; so powerfully were they held by her will, that, with one accord, they cried out:

"Yes, we will make you our chief."

She gravely inclined her dark, handsome head.

"Thank you," she said. "Though I am but a woman you shall never be ashamed that you promoted me to your chief. I do not think that you will desire to depose me when the month shall be up. I think that you will find a woman's quick wit, subtlety, intuition, combined with acute reasoning powers of great advantage. And I, for love and energy seek the excitement, the danger. My voice was never more absolutely through the great hall. "Garbed as a woman I will suggest that a woman is chief of the Scarlet Masks!"

There was an enthusiastic murmur from the men.

Pedro was about to turn away Pedro stepped quickly forward and stood beside her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, eagerly, "in a few days Armande de Kercheval will pass again through the forest on his way to Paris. What is your wish in regard to him?"

"That he be unmolested," she replied. "I will have vengeance for my father and my brother."

A sullen red crept into Pedro's cheeks. It all his bold, daring, wicked life no one had ever spoken to him with such scorn as that which awoke within him died as his eyes met Helene's, the girl, who knew not the meaning of fear and who was beautiful even with her face of marble.

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"That he be unmolested," she replied. "I will have vengeance for my father and my brother. I do not want the life of Armande de Kercheval. I shall live and suffer. Leave him to me."

CHAPTER VII.

A week later.

It was noon. The gray walls of the old castle were bathed in silvery moonlight. Black and forth across the open space Pedro paced restlessly, now and then a shadow thrown upon his brow. Now and again he paused at the entrance to the great portcullis and listened.

At length, as the sound of an approaching horseman fell upon his ear, he uttered a low, exultant cry of relief, and quickly thrust aside the branches and stepped from the path.

In a few moments a beautiful black horse dashed by him and came to a halt at the gate. Pedro sprang forward to the softened door. Its rider, who wore the bandits' garb, sprang lightly to the ground as Pedro approached.

"I feared that some harm had come to you," he said, gently.

"No, Pedro," he, at any time, give yourself any uneasiness on my account," said the voice of Helene, as she raised her hand and pushed back the covered her face.

A little glow of softness came into her face, and she tenderly rubbed his velvety nose against her arm.

"Ah, Satan, and I are very fond of each other already," she continued, and she gave her hand caressingly upon his arched, satiny neck.

The bandits had presented her with the horse, a splendid animal, with dainty tapering limbs, a few days before.

She turned to the horse for a moment and then turned to Pedro and as she did so, her eyes gone from her face, the gentleness from her voice.

"I have something of importance to say to you," she said.

"You had better rest first and have some refreshment," said Pedro. You went away at five o'clock and it is now nearly nine. You must be very tired."

She moved her head impatiently.

"What of that?" she said. "I wish you would remember that I am a woman and think of me only as chief of the Scarlet Masks."

Pedro's eyes glanced passionately in the moonlight.

"I shall never forget that you are a woman," he murmured to himself, but aloud he said nothing.

"Do you know the Chateau St. Maur whose lands adjoin those of the Chateau de Kercheval?" asked Helene.

"Very well, indeed," replied Pedro. "'Tis the home of the old Marquis St. Maur."

"Has the house of the old Marquis St. Maur, but he died a week ago," said Helene. "The dead man and the Count de Kercheval were friends in boyhood and this friendship was renewed upon the return of [illegible] is succeeded by his nephew, Maurice St. Maur. This young man will arrive at the Chateau St. Maur the day after tomorrow. He will travel in his own carriage, and will no doubt have with him a considerable sum of money. We must hold him up. Whatever money he carries in the way of valuables, which I do not require for my own, is common booty. The Marquis St. Maur and all who accompany him are to be taken captive and conveyed to the retreat across the horses. The carriage may be concealed near the secret path until the next day, when I shall make use of it. I propose to personate, for a time, the Marquis St. Maur, who, being a nephew of the old marquis, will be a frequent and welcomed guest at the Chateau de Kercheval.

"It is unnecessary for me to explain to you at present what my object is in so doing. If I succeed in my plan, and I shall succeed," with grim determination, "you will in time understand all. This plan came to me like an inspiration the instant of the coming of the young Marquis St. Maur,

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and that he had never been to the Chateau St. Maur before, owing to a long estrangement which had existed between his father and the old marquis. You will accompany me in this expedition and I think eight more men will be sufficient. The young marquis will hardly have with him more than six servants, including the coachman, footman and outriders. I think I have made everything clear to you."

"Perfectly clear, mademoiselle," replied Pedro. "I see no difficulty at all in the carrying out of your plan."

"I leave to you the selection of the men who accompany us," continued Helene. "Of course, during the time I am persuading the young marquis, he and his servants will be kept prisoners. You have a way no doubt of covering them to the retreat so that they cannot betray us if released later?"

"Oh, yes, simply blindfold them," replied Pedro. "We have had prisoners before; it is not unusual with us to take captive persons of wealth and hold them for ransom."

"So I imagined," said Helene. "It may be necessary to keep the Marquis St. Maur and his servants prisoners for a number of months."

She remained in thought for some moments, while Pedro's eyes dwelt passionately upon her face, beautiful enough in the silvered light from the moon.

At length she roused herself, laid her hand for an instant upon the neck of the horse, then turned and passed up the steps.

The beautiful lustrous eyes of the animal followed her and he whinnied softly as Pedro led him away.

CHAPTER VIII.

Helene and the Marquis St. Maur stood facing each other in the great hall of the bandits' retreat.

They were comparatively alone, the bandits having gathered at the further end of the hall eating and drinking.

Maurice Marquis St. Maur, was twenty-five years of age, medium height, erect in figure. His features were rather strongly marked, his hair and eyes brown, very fine eyes, which redeemed his face from plainness.

His eyes rested curiously upon Helene, as she advanced before him, the scarlet mask still covering her face.

"I presume you are the chief of these bandits?" said the Marquis St. Maur.

"Yes, I am the chief of the Scarlet Mask," replied Helene, and, as she spoke, she lifted her hand, removed the mask from her face and met steadfastly the eyes of the young marquis.

A look of surprise passed over his face.

"You astonish me," he said, with an uplifting of his brows. "I certainly would never have come to find a mere boy at the head of a band of outlaws."

Helene shrugged her shoulders.

In man's attire she hardly looked her twenty-one years. Her hair cut off her long, heavy hair, which now clustered in thick curls over her shapely head, made a wonderfully handsome boy.

"What is it you wish to say to me?" she asked, frowning and moving a little uneasily under the intent gaze of the young marquis.

"I simply wish to be enlightened as to why I have been brought here?" replied the latter, coolly. "That I and my servants have been brought hither prisoners above some other beyond that of mere robbery."

"You are quite correct, Monsieur le Marquis," she said. "We would hardly go to the trouble of taking you and your servants prisoners without some other object in view."

"So I supposed," said the young marquis. "And that object is, I think not, to hold me for ransom. Well, what sum will purchase my freedom? As I am not desirous of sojourning here any longer than can be avoided, I will arrange for the payment of the amount immediately, that is, provided the amount is not too exorbitant," with a slight, cool smile.

Helene also smiled very coolly.

"Monsieur le Marquis is something of a philosopher, I see," she said. "The conclusion at which you have arrived is a very natural one," she continued, "but it is, in this instance, an erroneous one. No sum of money, no matter how large, would at this time purchase the freedom of the Marquis St. Maur," and a passional look of exultation flashed, for a moment, in her eyes. "You will remain a prisoner until such time as I see fit to release you."

"You are certainly mysterious, my youthful chief of the bandits," remarked the Marquis St. Maur. "Plunder being the sole end and aim of you outlaws, I cannot understand your object in detaining me if not to enforce my payment for my freedom."

"It is by no means necessary that you should understand my object, otherwise I would enlighten you," replied Helene, with cool insolence. "As I remarked before, Monsieur le Marquis, you are a philosopher, and will no doubt make the best of your sojourn among us. The length of that sojourn will depend entirely upon circumstances. Ah, Pedro," as the latter approached, "will you see that the Marquis St. Maur is made comfortable? Monsieur le Marquis, I wish you good-evening," and she turned away.

The Marquis St. Maur stood gazing after her a moment or two curiously. Then he turned toward Pedro.

"Pedro, my worthy Pedro, how comes it that you men of daring and crime have chosen for your chief such a beardless stripling?" he asked. "I cannot understand it."

"It is not necessary that Monsieur le Marquis should understand it," replied Pedro, bluntly.

The Marquis St. Maur shrugged his shoulders.

"Which means you refuse to gratify my curiosity," he said, with a smile. "Your youthful chief has evidently retained a discipline. Well, notwithstanding his youth and effeminate appearance he has not lack of boldness and daring. But he has a woman's face, and no marks upon it, as yet, of crime or evil."

Pedro frowned.

"He good enough to follow me, Monsieur le Marquis," he said.

The bandits did not give more than a passing glance at the Marquis St. Maur as he followed Pedro down the hall. The former had had with him quite a large sum of money. That being in the possession of the bandits, he had no further interest for them and they accepted his sojourn among them unquestioningly, as they did all things that were the will of their girl-chief.

Helene's words to her brother—"I could not manage them more bold, daring, wicked as they are, that they would be more puppets in my hands," were by no means idle boast. The influence she had acquired over them was marvelous, her power absolute.

Helene entered the room which had been her father's and, for so brief a time, Gaspard's. She had been in the possession of the room which Pedro had so daintily and luxuriously fitted up for her.

She found Hortense awaiting her.

"What can I do for you?" asked Hortense, in her low, soft voice, her eyes resting furtively upon Helene as the latter threw aside her black mantle.

"Nothing, thank you," replied Helene, coolly.

Notwithstanding the fact that Hortense was the only woman, beside herself, in the retreat, she found it impossible to care for her. Instinctively she distrusted her.

As Hortense moved toward the door, Helene said:

"Kindly ask Pedro to come to me in about half an hour."

"I will do so, mademoiselle," murmured Hortense, the heavy white lids drooping over her eyes.

When Pedro entered the room half an hour later, he found Helene reclining upon the couch in a soft, white gown, her face pale and weary. She seldom wore the garb of the bandits save when abroad.

"Mademoiselle is fatigued?" said Pedro, solicitously.

"Somewhat," replied Helene.

"Mademoiselle must not forget that, though she has the bravery and daring of a man, she has but the strength of a woman," continued Pedro, softly.

"I am able to take care of myself, my good Pedro," said Helene, coolly, and the man's dark cheek flushed. "But let us not talk of myself. I have more important matters to discuss. I want your advice as to which of the men will be best to take with me to personate servants of the Marquis St. Maur."

"Will mademoiselle permit me to accompany her as one of the servants of the Marquis St. Maur?" asked Pedro, eagerly.

"No," replied Helene, also more quietly, coldly, his passionate gaze. "I wish you to assume control here during my absence."

The man's brow darkened. It was a moment or so before he spoke.

"And you will be absent how long?" he muttered, at length.

"I really am unable to inform you," replied Helene. "That will depend altogether upon circumstances. I desire or find it necessary I shall come here for so long a time as the Marquis St. Maur may consistently absent himself," and a grim smile parted her lips.

"But we are wasting time. Let us get to the matter in question. There is little time for preparation, as I shall set out for the chateau with the dawn."

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed Pedro.

"Yes," replied Helene. "The Marquis St. Maur is known to have left Paris today; it would be unwise to delay."

CHAPTER IX.

In the yellow drawing room at the Chateau de Kercheval stood Charles, Count de Kercheval.

His tall form was bowed, his hair was white, the once handsome face lined and seamed, the skin pallid and yellow. He stood leaning upon the mantel, the rich lace ruffles falling away from his pale hand, the long thin fingers supporting his temple.

He wanted about twenty minutes to the dining hour.

A footman entered, bearing upon a silver salver a note which he presented to his master. The latter's look of satisfaction gleamed in the cold blue eyes of the count as he read the note. As he finished the door opened and a young girl entered.

She was very pretty, though rather doll-like in appearance, with her large, limpid, blue eyes, small red mouth, pink and white skin and fleecy hair. She was rather below medium height and had a pretty, rounded figure. She wore a simple white gown, with blue ribbon at her waist and in her hair. Her white shoulders and dimpled arms were bare.

"Ah, my dear, I have just received a note from the Marquis St. Maur," said the count, with a smile. "It appears that he was unavoidably detained on his way from Paris and did not reach the chateau until this afternoon. He writes that he will do himself the pleasure of calling upon us in the course of this evening."

The girl's blue eyes lighted eagerly.

"Indeed, I am very glad the marquis has arrived," she said. "His visits will be some diversion, some break in the monotony."

The Count de Kercheval slightly lifted his brows.

"Why, what does all my little Marguerite?" he asked.

"Oh, papa," cried Marguerite, with a charming pout of her red lips. "it is really very dull here. I long for the gay world."

"What dost thou know of the gay world, my petite?" asked the count, laying his hand, with a smile, upon her fair head.

"Ah, nothing," she replied, "but I want, I long to know a great deal," and she laughed. "Papa, dear, I have spent nearly all my life in a convent. Oh! how glad, how happy I was when the time came for me to leave. I was filled with the most delightful anticipations; what rose-colored dreams were mine! But, alas! they were not realized, for thou didst bring me here, thou cruel papa, without even a few days lingering in dear, bewitching Paris. It is true that the dreary, colorless life of the convent is over and done with, but—but, dear papa, will you not take me to Paris?" and she clasped her pretty little hands about his arm and lifted her pink and white face beseechingly to his.

The Count de Kercheval, who had listened smilingly, laid his long, waxen fingers caressingly upon her hare, rounded arm.

"Have patience, little one," he said. "Before it ere very long there is plenty of time for Paris and all delightful things. Thou hast youth, thou hast anticipation, thou hast thy rose-colored dreams; in time will come realization. So, for the present, thou must content thyself. Discontent and repining will render less bright thy pretty face, and steal some of the rose from thy cheek."

"I shall no more repine," cried the girl, with her sweet, bright laugh. "You are very wise, papa, you know well how to cure me of my discontent. I shall live, for the present, upon anticipation."

"And as you remarked a little while before, the Marquis St. Maur will be a break in the monotony," said the count, with a smile.

"I wonder what he is like?" murmured Marguerite, musingly. "I hope he is very nice and very good-looking."

"I sincerely hope that he is," said the count, very fervently. "He was never a favorite of mine, but

LURED BY LOVE.

The Crime of a Village Beauty---A Story of Unrequited Love and the Betrayal of an Innocent Girl.

By H. R. ROMANS.

SYNOPSIS.

The story is laid in a country town. Anne and Bessie Paxton, the beautiful daughters of the village carpenter, both love a young physician, Dr. John Burris. He proposes to and is accepted by Bessie. This enrages Anne and she plots with Charles Marsh, son of the Brickville banker, a rejected suitor for Bessie's hand, to rob the bank and cast suspicion upon Dr. Burris. Marsh promises the physician shall not be prosecuted and Anne hopes to win his love by her fidelity during his trouble. Billy Glen, a hunchback, sees Marsh hide the money robbed from the bank, and sees Anne assault Marsh in the bank. He loves Anne, and though she hates him, he forces from her a promise of marriage as the price of his silence. Hiram Westlake, village marshal, discovers the robbery. Westlake believes city robbers did the job and starts to hunt them, but Charley Marsh accuses John Burris, who is arrested. A search locates the plunder hidden in a garden behind the doctor's office where Charley Marsh had hidden it. Bessie wants to visit her lover in jail but her father forbids her, and Dr. Burris believes she has deserted him. Forbidden to see her lover Bessie asks Anne to see him. Anne uses the interview for her own advantage. Anne and Billy Glen have an interview in which she is very kind to him to gain his help in besmirching the character of her sister. The evil rumors about Bessie grow and her father drives her from home. She wanders away and falls in a faint by the roadside. She is searched for in vain, a kind-hearted old widow having given her shelter. On hearing the slander concerning Bessie, Charley Marsh seeks to benefit from it by claiming he should be held accountable for her misfortune. He tells her father he loves her and is anxious to make amends by marrying her. They find her at the old widow's suffering with brain fever. They procure a license and preacher and the ceremony is started, although Bessie is unconscious. The old widow interferes and stops the ceremony, and a physician who calls opportunely forbids it until Bessie has entirely recovered. Doctor Burris engages a lawyer, but the lawyer believes him guilty and gives him no encouragement. Later Banker Marsh and his son call on Doctor Burris and offer him clemency if he will confess. Charley Marsh tells Doctor Burris an ingenious lie concerning Bessie and poisons his mind completely. Then young Marsh hurries Anne to the young doctor and by more false stories and artful cajoling he is induced to renounce Bessie and promises to marry Anne if Bessie is married to Marsh when he is liberated. Billy Glen is aroused to Anne's duplicity and insists on their immediate marriage. Anne consults Charley Marsh and they decide Billy must be removed from their paths. Anne entices Billy to stroll down by the schoolhouse, which is located in a lonely place. While siting upon the steps Marsh strikes him from behind with a club, and he and Anne throw the body over a precipice behind the school building. It is found there the succeeding day and the general belief is that the unfortunate young man fell to his death. Marshal Westlake secretly believes he met with foul play and when a ghost is reported as visiting the scene of Billy's death the marshal decides to capture it. He discovers that the "ghost" is Anne Paxton walking in her sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

WESTLAKE THEORIZES AGAIN.

A problem of great magnitude now confronted the marshal of Brickville; a problem that would have puzzled the greatest criminal lawyer of the land, and one which many a police detective of vast experience would have hesitated to attempt.

Billy Glen had been found dead at the bottom of the schoolhouse ledge. His death might have been accidental, or it might have been a foul murder. The former view was generally accepted by the public, but as if to dispute this a ghost had haunted the fatal spot. Westlake had succeeded in fixing the personality of the so-called ghost, and in doing so learned that the death of Billy Glen had affected Anne Paxton to the extent that she visited the scene of his death in her sleep.

Now the question was: Had she a guilty knowledge of his death?

He sat on the storebox and drummed its side with his feet. His attitude was one of deep thought as he leaned back against the store, his hands in his trousers pockets, and his gaze fixed vacantly at the stars that sparkled in the eastern sky.

The clock in the courthouse tower chimed three. He started from his deep study and bounded from the box. He had sat there over two hours thinking, studying, and he was no nearer a solution of the problem than than when he took his station there.

He wandered slowly down the street and paused opposite the Paxton home; leaning against a tree he gazed across the street at the little house with its neat lawn and large shade trees, its rustic seats and neat, white-painted fence. He was waiting for an inspiration, but it would not come.

Then he journeyed to the schoolhouse and surveyed the scene where he had encountered the sleep-walking girl, with an eye to determining how the murder—if such it were—was committed.

It would be an easy matter for a frail woman to push a man over the ledge, even if he tried to prevent such an act. There was nothing for him to catch to save himself. Once overbalanced he must go down to his death, and if he caught hold of the person who pushed him, there would be two deaths instead of one.

That settled one point, although it was of small consequence. Anne Paxton could easily have caused Billy Glen's death provided, of course, she was with him at the time.

The next step to determine was whether she was with him. He could not pursue his investigation further at the time, so he went to his home and sought a much-needed rest. He was up early, however, decidedly freshened and ready to pursue his still quest.

As he strolled up the village street he encountered two small boys whose acquaintance he decided to cultivate. They were neighbors of the Paxtons, and he had some hopes that in playing about in the street they had noticed Billy Glen with Anne Paxton.

Fortune favored him. The boys were playing with a toy express wagon which "had seen better days," and it was much patched-up in consequence. Just at present it was in distress and they were unable to fix it. The marshal volunteered his services and while engaged in repairing the break proceeded to draw them into conversation.

"Billy Glen fixed it for us the last time it broke," volunteered one of the boys.

"Poor Billy," commented the detective. "He will never fix it again."

"No," replied the boy, "he's dead now, and we boys miss him very much, for he was always good to us."

"Billy was a general favorite; nearly everybody liked him," assented the man.

"Yes, even Anne Paxton said she was sorry," remarked the older boy.

"Why, I thought she hated him," protested the detective.

"She used to make faces at him and run from him, but I guess she must have stopped it when she got old enough to have some sense. Leastways I saw her talking to him one evening at Paxton's gate, and next day when he was found dead I heard her tell my ma she was sorry that he met such an awful death."

"Ah! What time in the evening was it when you saw them talking?"

"Don't know 'zactly; must have been eight, though, for when I went in the house ma made me go right to bed."

"There you are, just as good as new," exclaimed the marshal referring to the repair he had completed, and receiving the thanks of the boys, he strode on, well pleased with himself and the information he had so easily acquired.

"Another point settled; Anne Paxton was with him that night; now, were they in the neighborhood of the schoolhouse? That will be difficult to determine, and I will pass it and take up the next item: what motive had Anne Paxton in ending the life of Billy Glen?

"She used to hate him—a schoolgirl's hate, of course; but it was continued until she was almost a woman. All of a sudden they become good friends. Billy loved her—that has been a matter of common talk for some years.

"Anne Paxton loves Doctor Burris; at least she visits him at the jail, and the current rumor is that they were engaged before he was arrested. I wonder if that is true, or if it is just the conclusion formed by the gossips? I will find out."

He hastened to the jail and asked permission to see Doctor Burris, and the privilege was readily granted.

The young doctor was surprised to see the marshal and so expressed himself.

"Well, I am somewhat ashamed of myself for not calling sooner. Fact is, I never could quite convince myself that you were guilty, and at the same time I can't hit on any clew that will cause me to suspicion anyone else," replied Westlake.

"Then you think I am innocent?" eagerly asked Doctor Burris.

"Yes."

"Thank you very much. I am glad to hear I have a friend."

"Well, you haven't many, that's a fact, John; but I am one of them. I thought I had the robbers pretty well placed, but your arrest and Charley Marsh's story made a fool of me and my theories. However, I have never given up hope of landing someone else as the real guilty parties. What is your theory of the matter?"

"I think I have been conspired against by some secret enemies."

"What have you ever done that would make anyone an enemy of that sort?"

"Nothing, to my knowledge."

"Were you ever in love?"

"In love? Why do you ask?"

"Well, I was just wondering. A man can make enemies by loving some girl and winning her; and such an enemy is usually a snake in the grass."

"You reason well; but in this case it does not apply. I was, am yet, in fact, in love with Bessie Paxton. We were engaged, but it is off now, I guess. Does that make the situation any clearer to you?"

"No," replied the disappointed marshal. "You are not in love with Anne Paxton, as rumor states?"

"No."

"Does she love you?"

"Well—yes. Remember, I speak in confidence to you."

"Certainly, and I will respect it."

A pause.

"I am afraid you can do nothing for me, Westlake."

"Well, I'll keep up hope until the last. Good-by, John."

"Good-by, Westlake; and God bless you for your friendship and interest in an innocent and persecuted man."

"Dod gast it!" ejaculated the marshal as he strode down the corridor. "Now, if he had been in love with Anne, it would have been plain sailing all the way through. Then it would have been an object for Billy to have robbed the bank and thrown suspicion on Doctor Burris so Anne would have lost her regard for him; and Anne learning this, shoved Billy over the rocks for revenge.

"No, that won't do, either. Charley Marsh says he recognized Doctor Burris, and Billy Glen could not have disguised himself sufficiently to carry out the deception. There is only one plausible theory—Charley Marsh had a guilty connection with that bank robbery.

"Ah, I have it! Charley Marsh loves Bessie Paxton, and he knew that she was engaged to Doctor Burris. He concocted a sham robbery and threw the guilt upon Doctor Burris in order to break off the engagement and make Bessie depsise John. He had an accomplice, for he was pretty badly hurt. That accomplice was Billy Glen—no, Billy was right-handed, and the blow that nearly laid Charley Marsh out was struck by a left-handed person," and the marshal strode down the village street, mentally recalling all the left-handed persons in Brickville.

A lady was walking just ahead of him. She dropped a small package upon the ground, and when she stopped to pick it up he noticed that she used her left hand, although her right hand was free. As she turned her face toward him he recognized her. It was Anne Paxton, and like a flash came the recollection that she was the only left-handed woman in Brickville.

It was all plain now to the marshal. His theory was complete from the beginning of the series of sensations that had stirred Brickville, and he laughed softly as he complimented himself on the successful manner in which he had solved the mystery.

"Now let me see," he ruminated; "John Burris and Bessie Paxton love each other; they are engaged. Charley Marsh loves Bessie, and Anne Paxton loves John Burris. Then Billy Glen loves Anne Paxton, another complication.

"Charley Marsh and Anne Paxton resolve to break off the engagement of John and Bessie, and the bank robbery is the result. Anne is his accomplice; that is corroborated by my theories of the night of the robbery; she is small, left-handed and she jumped out the rear window, making the small tracks I discovered that night. Billy Glen was prowling around that night and saw these acts, and decided to benefit thereby. He undoubtedly made Anne promise to marry him in lieu of his keeping mum, and in order to escape him she pushed him over the rocks. Maybe Marsh helped her.

"That scandal about Bessie is probably the work of Marsh. He found he could not win her even with Burris in prison, so he sought to stain her character, thinking she would be glad to accept him then. Well, I think I will thwart him, and Miss Anne, also, and if there isn't a hanging pretty soon I miss my guess."

CHAPTER XIV.

ANNE'S MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

"I'd give quite a sum to get Charley Marsh good and drunk," thought Marshal Westlake, as he sat on the bank steps late that night. "Confound it, that's where a man is handicapped when he knows everybody and everybody knows him. If I attempted to fill him up he would be on to my game right away, and I could accomplish nothing. I couldn't disguise myself and do it, because he knows every disguise I have, and the time is too short to send to the city for one now. I must figure out some other scheme.

"Ah! Anne Paxton walks in her sleep—I wonder if she talks any when sleeping? I'll find out, and maybe solve this question once for all tonight."

To think was to act now. The time was close at hand for Doctor Burris' trial for the bank robbery, and if the marshal hoped to clear his friend he must have some evidence to support his remarkable theories.

It was close on to midnight when he entered the backyard of the Paxton homestead and stole up the path that led to the kitchen porch. He hid in the shadow and listened some time to detect if anyone was astir about the house. Becoming assured that all was quiet and that there were no prowlers about he carefully crept to the window through which he had seen Anne disappear the night previous.

Again he hesitated to assure himself that he was not being watched, and being satisfied at last that he had the field all to himself, he straightened up and tried the window of Anne's bedroom. The window was not fastened, and so yielded easily to his touch. He raised it gently, propped it well, and then drew aside the curtain and gazed into the room.

On the small center stand was a lamp, turned very low, the dim light falling softly on the objects in the room. He hesitated some time until he was sure that the occupant of the room was asleep, but once assured that she was he softly climbed through the window. Then he crept up and turned the light a little higher that he might better distinguish the expression on the sleeping girl's face. He then hid himself behind the dresser to watch and wait for developments.

He soon discovered a small rope protruding from under the bed covering that was tied to the footboard of the bed. The other end he soon discerned was tied around the girl's ankle.

"Ah!" he thought, "she is well aware of the night excursions she has been making and has taken measures to prevent their recurrence. Her scream has no doubt always awakened her, and that being the case she knows she was pursued last night.

"If she would only talk some now, I would most likely hear something that would confirm my suspicions."

Westlake waited patiently for some manifestations from the sleeper, but she apparently slept serenely, and aside from a mere tossing about, that kept him ever in expectancy, there were no signs of a troubled conscience that he expected to hear condemning the fair young girl.

He was about to give up the vigil when he heard a soft murmur from the sleeper, and he strained his ears to catch the words she mumbled. Then he heard her say, clear and distinct:

"Oh, Bessie. Bessie! how could you? You have disgraced us all!"

Then she became calm again for a space of five minutes, at the end of which time the watcher was electrified to see her rise to a sitting posture, her eyes wide open and staring straight ahead.

"At last," thought he. "The spirit of Billy Glen is commanding her to visit the scene of his murder. I'll hear something now."

"Poor Billy," she muttered, "they say you were murdered. Perhaps if I go I may find the murderer gloating over his deed," and then she attempted to get out of bed, but in the attempt the rope attached to her ankle tripped her and she fell. She immediately wakened, and after staring wildly about her for a moment, as though she did not realize what it all meant, she lay down again and drew the covers closely about her.

He watched her intently for a few moments and discovered that she was crying.

"Now what the thunder it all means, I declare I can't tell," he admitted to himself. My theory can't be wrong, and yet that girl does not act like one guilty. It can't be possible I have misjudged her. The terrible scandal about Bessie may have unnerved her, and then Billy's tragic death worked on her sensitive nature to such an extent that she got to walking in her sleep. Well, I am not going to give it up yet. I'll try Charley Marsh next. The show here is over for tonight, and the next thing is to get away without being detected."

He had to wait some time before the breathing of Anne announced that it would be safe for him to emerge from his place of concealment. But the moment he was assured that she was asleep he hastened to escape from the room, lowering the window carefully, and hastening out the back way as he had come in.

Thus was the astute and ambitious marshal of the incorporated village of Brickville utterly and completely fooled; for, no sooner had he dropped the window behind him than Anne sat up in her bed and exclaimed, with a great sigh of relief:

"Thank God! he has gone!"

She was awake when he raised the window and crawled into the room, and she saw his every movement through half-closed lids. The night before she knew that she was pursued by someone to the very window of her room. Her secret had become the property of some villager, but who, she was not able to determine. It had been a matter of worry to her all day, and she dreaded the time when he would make a showing of his knowledge all the more, not knowing who he was, or what interpretation he would put upon her queer conduct.

Tonight when she heard her window being stealthily raised she immediately divined that this person had come to spy upon her as she slept. Her act of the night before had raised his suspicion and he no doubt hoped to hear something that would make clear her connection with the case—to hear her make some admission that would justify him in handing her over to the officers of the law. She decided to act a part, hoping to clear herself of any suspicion, and from the way he crept from the room she was confident that she had succeeded in her design.

She had courted sleep to no avail before the advent of the embryo detective. Her first crime and the unenviable position in which her machinations had placed Bessie bothered her but little compared with the last awful plunge she had taken into the depths of crime, and the knowledge that someone suspected her guilt. Her nerves had been wrought up to a high tension; but when she felt that she had changed the detective's opinion of her complicity in Billy Glen's death a sense of relief came to her and tired nature claimed her senses. Then she slept soundly, dreamlessly, to awake the next morning refreshed, and with a determination to fight to the end for the prize she sought.

Warned by past experience she decided it would be best for the safety of herself and accomplice to tell him of the danger through which she had passed. She started upon her quest of him very early and met him just as he was entering the bank.

Guessing that she had some important communication to make he joined her upon the sidewalk, when she quickly related to him the story of the ghost and all the subsequent events. He listened to her without a word, but the harsh expression that settled upon his features while she spoke boded her no good.

"Anne," he said, when she had finished her recital, "if you don't get over this nonsense and quit brooding over Billy's death you'll have us both strung up. Just see

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
C. H. KEITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

how you have given the whole snap away by chasing out there in your sleep. I presume we have some reason to be thankful that it is only Westlake who is posing around; if it had been a city detective he'd had a confession out of you before this. Westlake will not act on his suspicions with no evidence to support them; he's not in favor here just now, anyway, and I hope your acting has lessened his suspicions enough to keep him quiet.

"Still, you must be careful. I have a premonition that I am going to get into trouble through some of your fool moves. I wish now that I had left you out of this whole affair, for I am confident I could have done much better alone. The man who said a woman couldn't keep a secret told the truth; if they maintain to keep it while they are awake they'll find a way to tell it while asleep."

"If you are scared you had better cut and run while you have a chance," suggested Anne.

"And lose all! Don't you imagine I will do any such thing. After going to the extremes I have to win that girl I'll have her or die. And while I am talking about dying I will give you a piece of advice: You keep a strict guard on your actions in the future. I have done murder for both our sakes; I can do another if my own safety demands it."

"Do you threaten me?" she gasped.

"Exactly. If I find that my life depends on your death I will not hesitate a moment to put you out of the way of all earthly trouble. Otherwise we can get along just as we have."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the terrified girl, "where will all this end? It will drive me crazy, I fear."

"Come, now, Anne; cheer up and look on the bright side a while. You have pluck and grit if you will only use them. I spoke severely because the occasion demanded it. You have been careless; you must learn to comprehend the danger of the situation and get away from your morbid thoughts. Victory is just ahead of us. Dewitt is well enough now and I am going to marry her this afternoon. You must go over to the jail and do some fine work with Burris. His wife comes off tomorrow and unless we get his confession beforehand you know what will happen."

"I'll do my best. He must accept the offer. If he refuses to confess and goes to the penitentiary I will have aimed in vain. I cannot answer for the future if he fails to comply with our wishes."

"All the more reason why you should exert yourself today. You can tell him that fussie and I will be married at five this afternoon."

"Very well. I wish you success, Charley," she answered, moving away.

To the watcher's surprise she sat bolt upright.

"Thanks," he replied. "I feel confident that my boy is close at hand. Nothing can stop the ceremony now. Bessie will be my wife before night."

This fascinating story of a village crime and mystery will be continued in next week's Ledger. See special subscription offer on page fifteen.

In Police Court.

"Is it true that you have been saying that Green has stolen your purse?"

"Oh, no—I did not go so far as to say that! All I said was that if Green had not assisted me in looking for the purse I should have found it again."

A ROMEO OUTDONE.

The garden wall, illuminated by the moon, in white amid the dark green shrubbery, the night air with a savor of dampness stirs the clusters of white flowers, and the showers of star-shaped blossoms falls silently like perfumed snow.

A curly dark head peeps over the top of the ladder, and a voice that wishes to be firm betrays a slight tremor, hesitating between the syllables:

"Ma-ria!"

"I am here. But for heaven's sake, speak low. There is still a light in papa's room. Oh, dear me, I'm so frightened! I haven't any blood in my veins!"

"Come farther this way. Don't be afraid. Come under the shadow of the branches; so—so, farther this way."

She advanced with little, uncertain short steps. Her slender white figure, still almost that of a child, flies along the gravel of the path. She crouches trembling at the foot of the ladder, among the branches of drooping ivy, and looks up toward the laughing eyes which glitter through the leaves.

"Oh, Alfredo! And if you fall and hurt yourself!"

"The idea! My poor little dove! You are all like that, you women. I, instead—difficulties animate me. They spur me onward: they electrify me. For you I would be capable of much more. Maria, do you care for me?"

"Yes; speak low. I hear a creaking."

"It is the wind. Do you care for me? Swear it!"

"I swear it! Don't joggle the ladder. Look—oh, the ladder is tottering!"

"I need your love in order to struggle against life. A mass of blockheads, a few scoundrels, if idiots. But we will triumph over everything. If you will only—"

"What?"

"Be strong and faithful. Be my muse and my poetry."

"But I am. Only, you know, papa is so strict he would like to have me play dolls yet, and he says that you—"

"What? Speak! I am prepared for everything. What did he say? I am superior to these trifles. Tell me!"

"That you are a naughty boy, that you would do better to be at your lessons and that if I e catches you—"

Interruption. The wind laughs among the trees with a soft little murmur of irony.

"Are you weeping, treasure? I will avenge your tears, one by one."

"Yes."

The sweet, musical little voice is lost in a stammer of sobs. "Your father is a barbarian, a tyrant like mine, but no matter. Love is light. Love is power. It crushes obstacles, breaks difficulties—in a few years you will be mine."

"Yes, but if you do not pass the examination."

"I shall pass it. A thing of no account. The teacher has a dislike to me—imagine what a beast. Maria, I have brought you something. I have kissed it so much. Promise, darling, that you will keep it always, you know, even when it shall be withered. Take it. No, your hands—no, your apron."

She holds forth, spread, her ample child-ish apron, and he throws down, light as a flake, a large pansy, with thick, soft petals, dotted with gold, which seem like the ardent eyes of a living thing.

She takes it into her trembling little hands and places it with her lips with idolatrous fervor.

"Swear to me that you will not be false to me," insists the fervid lover of fifteen years of age. "By the memory of your mother, promise me that you will not be another's."

She weeps a little more loudly.

"Poor mamma!

"If she could see from heaven!

"She will not be pleased with me!

"I feel that I am doing wrong!

"How dark it is!

"And if papa should suspect!

"And if your—"

"What ideas, Maria. They are sound asleep. At that age one does not know anything of love any longer—do you understand? They don't remember what it means to love like you and me, without fears, without cowardliness, with a fulness of felicity, with that intoxication—"

This phrase, read in a realistic novel, appears unwilling to be recalled with ex-

FREE TO MILLIONS OF SUFFERERS.

The New Cure for Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Troubles.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of Swamp-Root.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and has truly wonderful powers in curing kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid disease.

Kidney trouble is responsible for more sickness and sudden deaths than any other disease, and is so deceptive that thousands have it without knowing it.

Thousands owe their health and even life to Swamp-Root, and thousands more who to-day think themselves beyond help, can be made well by the use of this great remedy.

Swamp-Root has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of the Ledger, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at drug stores.

actitude. And perhaps it is on this account that the moon hides behind the cedar of Lebanon, fringed with silver, its broadly smiling face.

"Alfredo, it is late—let me go."

"No, not yet—before you think of anything as commonplace as sleep? It is a delicious night. I am wide awake, full of daring. There is a wildness in my blood which lashes it onward. I feel myself capable of great, heroic enterprises. What's that?"

His voice, arisen by degrees to the decided intonation of manhood, is lost in an exclamation of senseless childish terror.

The ladder creaks, trembles, shakes with a great push from invisible hands.

"Ah, you rascal!

"I've caught you at last!

"Idler, master, good-for-nothing!

"Boy hardly out of the nursery!

"I'll teach you!"

Thump! Thump!

The wind rattles the branches with dry little insulting laughs, while from the other side of the wall comes a desperate cry, and the great white face of the moon pityingly veils itself in the mist of night and mercifully conceals the shame of the place of paternal punishment.

Disagreeable February.

The discomforts of this month can be escaped by taking advantage of the winter excursions of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad to one of the many pleasant resorts of the South. This line offers unsurpassed facilities for reaching the Cities in the South, the winter resorts of the beautiful Gulf Coast, of Florida, of California, and of the Winter Resorts of Mexico. C. P. Atmore General Passenger agent, Louisville, Ky., for folders descriptive of Florida and the Gulf Coast.

For Mothers.

Stewed figs are a delicious and sufficient laxative for children. Cover the figs with water and stew them until soft, adding a little sugar if desired. They are best eaten at breakfast. Avoid giving your children medicine for constipation; the difficulty should be relieved as suggested and by regulating the diet.

MANLY VIGOR---NO DRUGS

When I started out 30 years ago as a young doctor in treating weak men, I gave drugs. I didn't know any better. But when I found there was really so little reliance to be placed in medical treatment, I commenced to cast about for other remedies.

One time I experimented with the galvanic current of electricity, and from that to the present day—25 years—I have not written a prescription for weak men. I have demonstrated the fact that a general treatment is required to gain lost strength, because these troubles come on slowly and involve not alone the nervous system but the Heart, Stomach, Kidneys, Bladder, Blood and glands.

Electricity, I found, came up to the requirements of a general treatment, because Electricity is strength or nerve force, and it supplied the system with this lacking element; it built up slowly but surely the whole organism without the least stimulation, without a particle of danger. In the beginning, I gave a battery treatment, but I soon found that a home self-application was needed. I knew then that a portable battery was required, one which would give plenty of electricity and at the same time be light and convenient. This led me to invent a chain of cells which was worn around the patient's waist.

That first chain of cells was the beginning of what has developed into my 1899 model, Dr. Sanden

ELECTRIC BELT

with suspensory, the great treatment for weak men. Now known the world over.

Last year I restored 3,000 to strength who suffered from the results of youthful errors or later excesses, having had Losses, Nervous Debility, Lame Back, Impotency, Varicocele, &c.

Currents instantly felt, but under complete control of wearer, simply turn regulator screw to make mild or strong. Put it on at night when going to bed, and take it off next morning. Keep this up 60 to 90 days. That will bring back the lost vigor. If in or near these cities call, consult and examine free of charge or write for

FREE BOOK

"Three Classes of men," which explains all and is sent free by mail in plain sealed envelope. All correspondence given faithful attention.

DR. B. W. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York, N. Y., or 188 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

In Forgiving Mood.

"Do you recognize me, sir?"

"I do not."

"I expected as much. I am the wretched man who eloped with your daughter five years ago. Take her back, sir, and all will be forgiven.—Life.

Proof of Ability.

"What does he know about finances? I don't see why we should accept him as our candidate. He's never had any practical experience in business affairs."

"Perhaps he doesn't know anything about business, but he's an able financier all the same. He spent $2,000 getting elected to a $1,500-a-year office once and came out a rich man."

The Artful Man.

"And, then," the fair maiden went on with her narration, "I covered my face with my hands and wept."

"Impossible," ejaculated the young man. "You could not cover your face with those small hands."

And she was his from that day forward and they lived happily ever after.

Much More Serious.

"It has come at last!" sobbed the lovely bride of a month. "The first quarrel!"

"What, with your husband?" inquired her pitying friend.

"No-no!" she faltered, lifting her tear-stained eyes; "much worse—with the cook!"

The Cheerful Idiot.

"I played poker with an Indian once," said the Cheerful Idiot.

"Beat him?" asked the unsuspecting shoe-clerk boarder.

"He took my last Chippewa," said the Cheerful Idiot.

A Lover of Peace.

Passer-by—Policeman, there's a fight round the corner.

Policeman—Thank you, sir; I'll do as much for you some day.

And he walked in the opposite direction.

Mutual Astonishment.

Mother—I saw him kiss you; I am terribly shocked! I did not for a moment imagine he would take such a liberty!

Herself—Nor did I, mamma—in fact, I bet him he daren't!

Natural History Headlight.

Teacher—Miss Street, can you tell me what is most peculiar in the hatching of the cuckoo?

Miss Street (doubtfully)—It generally builds its nest in a clock.

Like His Father.

"My son," said a father to a 7-year-old bopeful, "I must discipline you. Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school."

"Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she told me I was like my father."

Mere Fiction.

Miss—I have just been reading such a funny novel about a couple on their honeymoon. There is not a dull moment in it.

Mrs.—There isn't! Then it is not one of these realistic stories.

To Stimulate Business.

"That furniture store gives pocketknives with every sale."

"Of course; that fixes the small boy in the family to whittle up the furniture."

Success Comes to those who persevere. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently, according to directions you may depend upon it cure when a cure is possible.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, sick headache.

Safer.

"Well, he has killer his man in his time."

"Indeed?"

"Mr. Doctor."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Brood of Woodpeckers.

"A funny thing happened up to our mill at Chelsea recently," said Mr. Shepard. "Our mill foreman had been feeding a ben on hemlock sawdust and meal mixed. He gradually reduced the amount of meal, until finally he fed her nothing but hemlock sawdust, and she seemed to thrive on it. As she wanted to set, he gave her a dozen of her own eggs and she hatched out eleven woodpeckers and one chicken with a wooden leg. I tell you there is merit in hemlock, even in the sawdust."

Up to Snuff.

"Are you going to write a note telling Santa Claus what you want this Christmas?" asked little Davie Gazzam of Bonny Bloobumper.

"Of course," replied Benny with a wink of his other eye, "and I'm going to give it to papa to post, too."

GOING FAST.

Papa (on the top of the stairs)—Is that young man gone, Mamie?

Mamie—Yes, papa; carefully!

Might Be Worse.

Mrs. Enpeck—Ah, well; things are never so bad but that they might be worse. Mr. Enpeck (to whom the lion has suddenly been aroused)—I know it. I might have been born a Mormon.

A Bargain Christmas.

"No, our real Christmas doesn't take place until the 15th of January."

"Why so late?"

"It's my wife's notion. She insists upon waiting for the January clearance sales."

An Expedient.

Poet gloomily—I don't seem here it is going to be possible any longer to keep the wolf from the door.

Poet's wife—You might sit on the doorstep and read aloud one of your rejected poems.

Right in His Line.

"Did you tell that young man that there are microbes in a kiss?" said Maude.

"Yes," answered Mamie. "But he has a reputation to sustain as a hero. He doesn't dare be afraid of anything."

Bravery.

Watts—I noticed a photograph of a wild cat not long ago, taken just when the beast was about to spring at the photographer.

Potts—That is nothing. Peck has a snapshot he took of his wife as she was coming at him with a kettle of hot water.

The Polite Man.

"I like to see people conciliatory and willing to please," remarked Mrs. Nextdoor, "but when my husband apologizes to his laundryman for sending so many collars during the week he makes me kind o' tired."

Perhaps.

"What on earth do you suppose the man was thinking of to go and marry seventeen wives? He must be crazy."

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe he thought of going out to Utah and running for congress."

He Was Very Frank.

The Maid—Ah, when you're away you'll meet so many girls more beautiful and more charming than—

The Man (bravely)—I know it, dear, but I shall pray for relief.

Cheerful Giver.

Hewitt—It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Jewett—That's just what a pugilist is thinking about when he dodges a blow and lands one on his opponent's solar plexus.

It's Work Done.

Jimmy—I've broke my knife!

Johnny—Gee, but don't yer feel bad?

Jimmy—Not very. I'd cut my initials on all ther furn'ture there was.

Audacity.

"This climate disagrees with me," said Mr. Meekton's wife.

And Mr. Meekton, who was reading, absently exclaimed: "How does it dare!"

If some newspaper portraits of handsome women are accurate beauty is quite a distance outside the cuticle.

"The Sheriff of Deadwood county bet the Sheriff of Bulldoze county he would hang the most men in a year."

"Well, how did it turn out?"

"The Deadwood Sheriff won by a neck."

Free to Invalid Ladies.

A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine troubles, displacements, miscarriages, etc., and I feel so ladies will feel instruction how to use it. Address Mrs. L. Hunter, South Bend, Ind.

Satisfied.

His Wife—I hope this cook will stay.

The Suburbanite—So do I. She seems to be an easy boss.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A Butter.

"Does goat's milk make good butter?"

"It does if it takes after the goat."—Judge.

Farmer Barnes—I seen er show called "Pantomime" in town; wasn't worth a darn!

Farmer Hay—How was that?

Farmer Barnes—Why every cussed actor had ther stage fright so bad they couldn't say a darn word!

At the Theater.

"Really, Jane, dear," said Mr. Robbster to his wife, as they sat down in the theater, "your hat is too high. Take it off and put it in your lap."

"Well, I like that!" snapped Mrs. Robbster. "If I put that hat in my lap how am I going to see over it?"

Corner on Kisses.

"Mary, I saw the baker kiss you today. I think I shall go down and take the bread in the future."

"I wouldn't be no use, ma'am; he would not kiss you, 'cose he promised me he'd never kiss anybody else but me."

Still We Pay.

The Foreigner—Yes, your war was rather costly, but still, if you dance you must pay the fiddler.

The Yankee—Yes, but we weren't the ones that danced.

She Recalled an Instance.

"Mrs. Peddicord," said that lady's husband, "did you ever say anything that you afterward regretted saying?"

"Certainly. I said yes once and have been sorry for it ever since."

But the Doctor.

The Wife—You at first, say then, the doctor thought that your illness had affected your brain.

The Husband—He still thinks so, it seems, from the bill he sent in yesterday.

Ruling Passion.

The Medium—The spirit of your husband is here, if you wish to ask him any question.

The Widow—I want to ask him where he has been.

Inducements.

Billy—Does your mother give you anything if you take your medicine without crying?

Gilly—No, but she generally gives me something if I don't.

His Ailment.

Reservation Surgeon—Well, what's the matter with you?

Hiswatha—Indian corn.

Principle of the Thing.

"Feller spoke disrespectfully of my sister."

"What did he say?"

"Said my sister wore false teeth."

"Does she?"

"Hain't got no sister. It was the principle of the thing that I got licked for!"

Gone Simple.

"That missionary," the head jailer reported, "has gone daft."

"He will still do," replied the King of Mbwpha, for a simple reason."

If the gardener isn't a crack shot he has a lot of experience with little shoots.

"Why did you cut his acquaintance?"

"He kissed me six times."

"Well, you didn't mind that, did you?"

"No, but then he stopped."

AT POSSUM RUN.

Ike Quigley's Articles Describing School Days and Funny Happenings There.

NO. 10.

Oh, but it was hot! In the very center of the blue dome of sky was the great yellow sun, and to the boy with a piece of smoked glass it looked much like a big fried egg. "sunny side up." Not a speck of cloud floated above the horizon to act as fleeting sun-shades, and the pitiless rays baked the earth until it eazied like a well-done Thanksgiving turkey just from the oven.

The Possum Run schoolar factory had shut down for the noon hour and the squirming youngsters had flown to the woods above the schoolhouse to eat their dinners. Some distance down the lane under the shelter of a huge beech tree was a group of ten-year-olds who were enjoying the short freedom from the hested schoolroom. It was too hot to play; it was too hot to talk, and so the time passed in silence. One bare-footed, bare-legged lad lay stretched full length upon the sward, another was propped up against the tree, two more sat upon the topmost rail of the fence, while still another sauntered about within the circumference of the great tree's shade.

Suddenly the boy upon the ground exhibited signs of animation; rolling over on his side so he could see the other boys he stuck up his hand exhibiting the first two fingers spread apart like a V. His sign was hailed with glee by the boys on the fence, and the one leaning against the tree, and immediately ran through the fringe of trees along the creek below which marked the course of the little creek that ran there, made quick and inviting by its leafy covering.

"Hotter come and go, Johnny," urged Harry Wilson to the one who had not been enlisted at the mystic sign.

"Oh, he won't go," sneered Jimmy West. "He's mamma's boy."

Johnny Jones' face flushed. No matter how much a boy of ten loves his mother he considers it a deep disgrace to be called a "mamma's boy." Johnny was one of those lads who are never allowed to go barefooted, must wear nice clothes, and are called the pleasantest names by boys of his age only. Respect for his parents' wishes had been one of Johnny's dominant traits, but now he was sorely tempted to rebel and at the same time demonstrate to his friends that he was as independent as they.

"It is nearly school time and we would have to hurry back," suggested Johnny, hoping thus to change their minds. How-ever, they were hardened little wretches and thoughts of the pleasures to be derived from an afternoon in the swimming hole outweighed in their minds all the punishment they would receive for truancy. "And besides, I can't swim," added Johnny, when he saw they were bound to go.

"Never mind, we will teach you to swim," urged Harry, with that persistency that boys will use when trying to entice another into mischief. His arguments must have been what won Johnny to his way of thinking; it was the sneer on Jimmy West's freckled face that caused him to say, "I'll go."

There's the bell, let's hurry!" called one of the other lads, and they all took to their heels, now unmindful of the heat, and scampered down the hill toward where, through the shield of green, they could see glimpses of the sun's reflection on the placid water.

Johnny's companions wore mighty few clothes, and as it was regarded as an honor to be the first one in the water, they undressed as they ran. When they came to the swimming hole each one dropped his clothes in a little heap and running out the overhanging board, dove head first into the water. An instant later four heads bobbed up from the placid pool and on each face was a grin of enjoyment. How Johnny envied the abilities they had displayed, and as he slowly undressed he wondered if he would ever be able to dive from the spring board.

"Hurry up!" they called to him as he walked down to the shelving shore, each step causing painful exclamation of his tender feet. Gingerly he stuck one foot in the water and drew back with a shudder.

"It's cold," he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise.

"Naw, it's hot," answered Jimmy West. "Jump right in."

"Now will you come in?" yelled the boys.

Of course he had to go now and he waded out into the creek, shivering at every step, as the water rose higher and higher on his legs. Jimmy West had swum around to one side of him, while the others were arranged so as to complete a circle. Then with their open hands they began to splash water upon him; it was a veritable deluge. Turn which way he would a flood of water would strike him in the face. He stumbled about groping for breath and soon stepped off the "bench" into deep water. He went under like a stone, but soon came to the surface, spouting water like a whale. The terrified lad struck out blindly, and a moment later was astonished to find that in his excited state he had swum entirely across the creek.

"You're all right now," called Harry. "Come back and we'll have some fun."

With these trepidations Johnny started to swim back and then found, to his delight, that he could swim all right.

Then what fun they had! They swam about like ducks and dived like fishes, played tag, and to crown all Johnny had the pleasure of duckingJimmy West until his most strangled him. They swam down the creek some distance and found a place where they could land, and there, in the water, they wallowed about like a lot of pigs until they resembled nothing but a lot of mud. Then they would leap into the water to re-appear clean and washed.

The time passed quickly; so quick, indeed, that all were surprised to note how long they remained in the water. They made for home now, and as they swam back to the place where they had left their clothes Johnny was horrified to see an old cow standing by the bank quietly chewing up his nice green shirt waist. Uttering a yell of alarm he dashed up to her, when, with a snort, she dropped all there was left--a part of one sleeve--and ambled away.

Someone had happened along and tied the other boys' shirts into hard knots, but this was a small incident as compared to the calamity that had happened to Johnny, and that within was simply overwhelmed by the occurrence. It had been so warm that he wore no coat; only the shirt-waist had protected his body, and now he had to go home with no other clothing than his trousers, shoes and stockings and hat.

Of course he got a whipping when he got home, and with the other boys he got another the next day at school, but one might imagine he did not care much, for he played hookey several times afterward during the same term of school.

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Published Every Saturday.

BY

W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,

115, 117 DEARBORN ST.,

Chicago, Illinois.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Chicago Weekly Ledger one Year - - - 1.00
Six Months - - - .50

IN ADVANCE.

Remittance should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

One dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters and Subscription Agents.

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER AND SATURDAY BLADE.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising Rat: $1.10 per Agate line, per insertion. For advertisements in the Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade combined.

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The Many-Headed Octopus.

The new trusts established in 1898 would fill columns of this paper. All over the country the big manufacturers, street railroad owners, lighting and power companies, brewers, etc., have been whipped into gigantic combinations, the combined capital of which foots up to the enormous figure of $10,767,500,—almost an even billion.

In the line of trusts formed last year there are companies that produce the following necessaries of life:

Hay, fish, rubber, candy, lamp chimneys, linseed oil, thread, snuff, shingles, matches, pottery, steel, wire, canned goods, needles, ice, ice cream, cameras, lumber, beer, whisky, scissors and shears, starch, envelopes. While there is, I, this year, prunes have been added to the list, and bananas are threatened.

In Chicago we have the $10,000,000 milk trust, practically formed, and the people are wondering what next?

A railway train traveling day and night at the rate of fifty miles an hour would reach the moon in six months, the sun in 200 years and the nearest of the fixed stars in 42,000,000 years. Tickets for spring poets will be furnished free by all editors on application.

An Omaha jury has released a prize-fighter who killed another in a "boxing match" in that city last October. A similar occurrence in Chicago at about the same time under police protection has not even been brought to the attention of a jury.

Chinese women maintain that the glossiness and beauty of their hair are due to a diet of rice. It is to be noted that the cannot be twisted into an indorsement of any description of proprietary medicine.

If old Geronimo had the ear of Aguinaldo for about five minutes he could give him some useful information as to the expediency of going on the warpath against the great father at Washington.

It must be remembered that the 1,400 islands of the Philippine archipelago are not all of "the white man's burden." General Alger and General Miles may each write a book.

It is said that the republicans of Spain have decided to begin an energetic campaign against the government. Anything energetic in Spain will have the charm of novelty.

Doctor Mary Walker attended the methers' congress at Washington. She represented the fathers.

SALLY MIGGS' DISGRACE.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

"Didn't nobody ever tell ye about how Sally Miggs fell from grace?" inquired old Mrs. Peters as she leaned over the front gate. "Wall, I do say! Now, I'd a-thought that'd be one of the first things you'd hear in Kilo, she bein' sich a pop'lar young woman in her day, an' just as pop'lar now to be sure! Now you come right in an' sot down while I'm a-pickin' them here hens, an' I'll tell ye all about et. Ther parson's comin' ter dinner, an' I hain't no time ter lose.

"Wall, nigh on thirty year ago me an' Sally was girls together, an' we jist thunk ther world an' all of each other, sure enough, an' where Sally went I went, an' where I went Sally went. We allus went ter mornin' an' evenin' meetin', an' prayer meetin' an' ther revivals together. They wa'n't no Sunday school them days, or we'd a-gone there, too. That's how come we both ter get spirit at the same time, an' both was baptis an' jined church. An' after that, if I do say it myself, there wa'n't no two in Kilo lived nearer ter Christ than Sally give 'em than me an' Sally Miggs. Keerful? Why, all ther eyes in Kilo was on we two, 'cause we had been a-tetchy giddy an' light-headed afore. Yer see, me an' Sally we was uncommon fond of dancin' an' fun, an' all of ther bed ter be give up, an' up she was give!

"Now, I ain't sayin' nothin' erbout myself, 'cause the Lord knows I ain't ter adam, nor never was; but I will say that Sally Miggs was jist ther sweetest gal ter look at that ever lived in Kilo. I never see sich a kind an' gentle gal as Sally was, an' so tender-hearted, too. An' as fer bein' true, why when she give her promise ter anything you could jist count on et bein' kep'.

"Sally she had one of them sweet faces with big blue eyes, kinder surprized like ez ef she was allus a leetle bit surprized at what you was sayin', like a fresh kind eyes that once yer see 'em yer knew from that minute that Sally's soul was all right. She had nice yaller hair, soft as these pin feathers, an' ther prettiest girl in Kilo. But what took me most was ther gentle clingin' way she had. Why, she made me feel ez ef I was a cruel thing ter Sally Miggs 'ud be a brute! Jest plumb brute!

"Ter come see, where was I? Oh, yes, me an' Sally got converted ther winter, an' Sally was jist stretched out ez natchully ez she was kinder easy sawing, bein' a clingin' sort of a gal anyways, an' seems like ole Deacon Bushy began ter make love ter Sally right erway. Ther ole deacon he'd been a power in ther meetin's fer years, a-he suttenly hed helped convert Sally, an' I guess Sally kinder felt she owed her soul ter him. Anyhow, she seemed ter a'most worship ther old deacon, though he was thirty years older'n she was, an' had six leetle children besides his wife ter home.

"Say, it's wonderful what power some o' these old geesers gits over young gals, ain't it? That was jist Sally to a T with ole Deacon Bushy. He was one o' them dried-up ole codgers that talks out almighty loud in meetin' an' then chastise whom they loveth in a bess trade. My, but he was close-fisted an' ornery out o' meetin', but in meetin' he was ther Lord's right-hand man, fer hear him tell et. But he had a fishy eye, an' I allus say, 'Preserve me from a man with a fishy eye.' But, howsomedever, he suttinly did come at ever leetle Sally Miggs, an' by ther end of a month after she had been converted she was jist a-worshipin' ther old fraud of a deacon, an' he ar backsaid, an' Sally Miggs did wonderful work. Seems like ev'y one she spoke ter flopped right into ther fold an' was saved 'cept one feller, an' him she ner nobody else could tough. An' she made her jist as much more anxious ter save him, an' she spent most all her time in their meetin's a-pleadin' an' a-pleadin' with him, but ter us.

"Ther there one feller was Tom Gordon, a strappin' big feller, that lived on his pa's farm over yander. Tom Gordon was a likely line, an' he suttinly was wuth savin', fer he was a right handsome young man. He hed kind o' curly black hair, an' a fine, honest face, 'ith brown eyes that sparkled, an' strong arms, an' he was he hed been raised by an aunt o' his'n in Boston, an' hed ter a Unitarian Sunday school when he own, an' he jist natchully wouldn't be made ter believe what he didn't believe. An' I never see er man what could be so kind an' so set ter other same time! 'Peared like he kinder enjoyed bein' pied with, an' when Sally'd think he was a-comin' ter ther fountain, he'd shake his head an' sort o' smile, an' she'd know he hadn't no idee of comin'. Wall, it kep' on, toward ther end o' them three weeks o' meetin' Sally jist sort o' clung ter Tom, an' I noticed ther ole deacon he'd feel uneasy, an' sort o' frown, an' he'd comes up ter Sally while she was kneelin' at ther altar an' Gordon an' prayin an', ther tears jist flowin' down her cheeks, an' he takes her by ther shoulder kinder rough an' says, 'Let ther heathen go his own way, an a brand ter ther burnin',' an' Sally never stops but keeps right on, an' then ther ole deacon shakes her kind o' rough, an' says, 'Don't waste no more time on ther young fool,' an' he gives her another shake, so that she kinder falls backards, an' hits her elbow bone against ther seats behind her, an' Tom seein' she was hurt some ways, an' not knowin' how it was, jist up an' ther deacon a good one on his jaw. Wall, there was so much excitement goin' on that nobody took notice of it, but I 'low ther deacon was mighty mad, an' ter make et worse Sally let Tom Gordon see her home thet night. Ther old deacon he follered erlong behind, ez mad ez blazes, an' when Tom Gordon left Sally at ther gate ther ole deacon come up an' mebbe he didn't give her a talkin' to! An' pore leetle Sally she jest wept an' wept, an' in ther end ther ole deacon come et all over her sadis, an' he made her promise that so long ez she hed a soul ter save she would let Tom Gordon be. Sally she was so missabul she promised, an' she agreed that ez long ez she hed any hope of heaven she would jine her life ter old Deacon Bushy's. Oh, he certainly was a sly ole codger, fer he knowed ez long ez Sally give a promise she'd never break it.

"Wall, sir, ther next night Tom Gordon he didn't ask Sally ter let him see her home, an' 'twouldn't hev done no good, anyways. Yer see, she hed writ him a note, sayin' she was awful sorry he was a unbeliever, but that she must leave him erlone, 'cause he thet touches pitch shall be defiled, an' thet she would always pray fer him an' so on.

"An' arter that fer a month Tom Gordon see an' Sally Miggs never spoke. I 'spect I was mighty proud, though I knowed he only did it 'cause it gave him a chance ter walk beyand Sally a ways.

"Wall, sir, ter, Tom quit comin' ter meetin', an' I noticed Sally 'ud allus look round ther church uneasy like, an' when she didn't see Tom where she wanted he looked sad, an' I mighty soon guessed how things was. So I up an' tole Deacon Bushy, an' ever yer see a happy feller et was him. Et was long nigh Christmas time, an' cold as Greenland's icy, but ther next prayer meetin' night Tom went an' sat on Miggses porch until ther end o' meetin', an' Sally she jest sot, an' then when she come up on ther porch Tom he jist hugged her, an' Sally she jest kinder jumps, an' 'fore she thinks she says, says, 'Tom! I mean, ther prayer meetin' feller he has her in his big arms in a minute, an' kissin' her, an' Sally she jest lets him, an' then he good one right on lips, an' his eyes laughin' at her all ther time. Sally she was mighty mad, an' she stamps her foot, an' her foot, an' Tom jest held her there. 'Sally,' he says, says he, 'you don't know you do, an' what's more, you ain't goin' ter marry that old Sky-winged Deacon. You're goin' ter marry me.' An' then she begin ter cry, an' she says, 'Oh, lemme go, lemme go!' but Tom he just hugged her closer, an' kisses her real soft like. Then ole deacon hadn't no more chance ter talk, an wouldn't let him, but let on ter let. Tom Gordon allus did do just what he pleased, an' Sally knowe she had her arms round his neck an' was lovin' him, an' Tom he says, 'Tom boy' talkin' soft like all ther time, a-comfortin' her, an' he kep' sayin' all ther time, 'An' you will marry me, Sally?' an' she must marry me, Sally,' till he nigh had ther poor gal hypnotized, an' she couldn't say 'No' ter no sich thing them days.

"Ter cut his story short, jist dyin' fer someone ter love her, an' ther ole deacon hadn't no more love in him than a snake has, an' all ther time she felt like a sinner, fer she had never been so happy all her life. An' at last she up an' says, 'Tom, I do love yer, an' I have, an' I can't help it, but I can't never marry you, 'cos you promised ter Deacon Bushy, an' I can't break my promise.' Then Tom says, 'Ther Lord yer promised ter love, an' he tells him all erbout et, an' how she promised to be ther deacon's ez long as her soul was saved. Then ther stunned Tom, an' he jist said, 'Damn it!' Sally she clapped her leetle mitten over his mouth, but 'twas too late, an' ther wust of it was ther old deacon hearned ter go by ther house, an' heard it. But he just sneaked by, an' Sally an' Tom never knew he heard et.

"Wall, next time Sally sees ther deacon she up an' tells him ev'rything, like she had o't ter do, an' ther ole deacon pertends he ter be awful shocked, an' he says 'Tom is a lost soul, an' I commands you ter cast yer Dorkas it.' An' he says that anybody what uses bad words is in danger. Then he says, 'Jest right up an' says she don't believe no little thing like that loses nobody's soul, but ther ole deacon says, says he, 'I does,' an' then he tries ter make Sally promise she won't never see Tom again, but she don't promise that, 'cause Kilo is sich a leetle town she couldn't well help seein' him by accident once in a while.

"When Sally got home she got ter thinkin' erbout what ther deacon he said, an' erbout Tom, an erbout ther deacon, an' ther more she thunk erbout Tom, an' ther more she hated ther Sabeyed ole fiend. Fer days she was pretty fearful bad, an' she hardly seemed alive, but one night, a week afore Christmas, she got up out of ther bed in ther night an' kneeled down on ther floor an' prayed 'till nigh daybreak, an' when she got up she was mighty solumn, but she 'peared ter be happy ez a lark.

"Ther day afore Christmas Sally's ma was goin' ter give a dinner party, an', ofcourse, ther ole deacon he 'vited, an' then Sally coaxed until her ma invited Tom Gordon, too, an' ter see that Sally was in ter be quiet an' thoughtful, but she was er lot more happy. An' when ther day afore Christmas she couldn't hardly seem ter wait fer dinner ter be ther, an' Mr. Wigly, ther minister, wi' his wife, an' a bullet more, an' ther deacon an' Tom Gordon they jist 'peared ter be ther, an' Mr. Wigly, he says, he says, 'Arter we hed et the mince pie, an' was havin' elder an' apples, Sally she got up an' she says soft like, 'Mr. Wigly, I'd like your blessin'.' An' then he see she was kinder surprised out o' his shoes. 'My blessin'?' he erted, 'why, bless you, child, what do yer mean?' An' then he see his hand on Sally's eyes, so he jist gets right up an' puts his hand on her head an' blesses her good an' hearty. An' Tom an' the deacon fairly wiggled in their seats, an' they didn't know what was up. Then Sally, real Solumn like, says, 'I have long been a member of the church, an' I have been a member in good standing, but I have never been baptized, an' I want ter be baptized right now.'

"Wall, sir, ter, ther deacon he jist sot back in his chair, an' he looked at Sally, an' Sally she looked at him, an' ther deacon he says, says he, 'Sally Miggs, I am surprized at you. Sprinkling is ther only baptism what is scriptural, an' you have been sprinkled, an' you can't be sprinkled twice.' An' Sally she says, 'I want ter be baptized by immersion, an' I want ter be baptized right now.' An' ther deacon he says, says he, 'Sally Miggs, you are a member in good standing of this church, an' you have been baptized, an' you can't be baptized

ebr o' your church, Mr. Wigly, an' I thought my soul was saved, but my heart inclines to the wicked, an' I can't help it from inclinin'. Deacon Bushy here says that sayin' two certain words loses one's soul, an' there is one at this table who has said them words. At this Tom he got awful red, but Sally went right on. 'My soul's safety is the most precious thing in the world to me,' next to one, an' what that one is I don't need ter say.' Then she stopped an' looked down, an' tried ter say somethin', but seemed like she couldn't, an' all the time we all looked at her, thinkin' she must be powerful sorry. An' twice more she got ready to say it, but she couldn't, an' she had ter put her hands over her face ter hide her blushes. Then quick as a wink she jumps from her chiny closet an' shut the door. We all listened real close, for we was mighty scared, I tell you, an' just then come real soft an' low through ther door of her chiny closet some words. We listened real still, and we just managed to catch them. An' what do yer think Sally Miggs was sayin'? Why, she was sayin' 'Damn it, damn it, damn it!' real fast an' quick.

"Heart? Well I should say yer was. An' ther ole deacon jist got up an' says, 'Alas! her soul is lost!' an' Sally she runs out o' ther closet, cryin' like her heart was broke, she says, 'I know et. I wanted it lost.' Then she got me up at the front an' pushed her right afore all of us, an' she jist clung ter him right. Oh, I tell yer it was an exciting time. An' when ther ole deacon see what Sally was up to, she was right free from her promise, he jist took his hat an' says, 'With you in the ways of the ungodly,' an' skipped out.

"Next day, bein' Christmas, everybody was to church but Sally an' Tom, but they was makin' each other presents in ther Mistress garden an' was full up with drinks o' soda, or sayin's of souls. But we had special prayers for them.

"Well, ole Deacon Bushy he up an' married Widder Hawkins six months an' Tom an' Sally was married pretty nigh ther same time, an' I must say nobody ever had happier lives than Tom an' Sally has had.

"Well, Oh, yes, I see Mr. Wigly don't think the widder right, was he? Yer see I'm a widder myself. Sally took back her church an' I believe it's one o' ther finest in ther city. Yes, Mr. Wigly, I'm powerful sorry. Was I right? Yes, Gordon? That's how Sally Miggs fell from grace, an' she one of ther angels on earth, if ther ever was one, I ain't sayin' but it was a sin but goodness me! if I thought I could trade my soul off for a fellar like Tom Gordon I'd swear from now tell next Christmas!"—Short Stories.

COFFEE CAUSED IT.

A Simple Way to Locate the Cause of Disease.

I was troubled for years with my stomach, and took all sorts of remedies, without being able to get well. I did not know all this time what was the cause of the trouble, but since I quit drinking coffee, I found out that was the thing that caused me so many days and nights of su ering.

Within an hour after breakfast where I would drink a cup of coffee, I would spit up the meal, and if I drank coffee for supper, I would go to bed and my nerves twitched and jerked so badly that I was afraid to lie down.

Sometimes my stomach would flutter terribly.

I was afraid I would have paralysis, and I firmly believe I would if I had kept on using coffee.

I believe so much coffee drinking is the whole cause of so many people with paralysis and heart trouble.

All I can say is all my nervousness and stomach trouble has left me since I have been using Postum Food Coffee according to directions on the package and I know of quite a number that have been helped by Postum.

If people would use Postum Cereal Food Coffee, they would save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills, and children would be stronger and healthier if their meals would use it instead of coffee. Of course, it has to be made right, but that is easy. Just let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes after it really starts to boiling, and you have a splendid drink. Mrs. Annie Van Buskirk, 2632 Santa Fe Ave., Madison, Iowa.

Mincemeat.

Two pounds currants, five pounds peeled and cored apples, two pounds beef suet, three quarters of a pound raisins, two and one-half pounds coffee sugar, two pounds raisins, one pound seedless raisins, two tablespoonfuls cinnamon, one nutmeg, one tablespoonful each cloves, allspice, mace, one pint each wine and brandy. Wash currants, dry, pick them, stone the raisins, remove skin and sinews from the beef, chop each ingredient up separately, very fine; place as soon as done in one pan, finally adding spices. Madeira and brandy; mix thoroughly; pack in jars; keep in cold place.

This Is True.

I have discovered a positive cure for all forms of the above named disease. My nerve fails to cure the piles in any case. My treatment will cure you in from three to six days. Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, nervousness, sleeplessness, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address Mrs. O. S. Marcy, Box 75, Jamesburg, Ind.

A Delicate Sandwich.

Mince either cold chicken or veal very fine, mixing celery in with it; when well minced, cut thin slices of bread made off the crust and butter; place the mixture between the buttered slices only using salt as seasoning.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Some Outside Assistance.

The Friend—There goes a self-made man.
The Fighter—Not altogether. I put a nose on him.

GEORGIA DANCING SONG.

The sleet-it comes a-pettin, but we heard the fiddles play.
The gals was sweet an rosy an danced an sang an laughed,
An that carry-on'er winter! The fire was blazin' bright,
We shuck our pardners an swung 'em till left an right!

An "Here you go Miss Nancy, an oh, Miss Your lovely Joe,
Your cheeks are mighty rosy, an who's been kissin' on your nose?"
But gals must have their sweethearts, an all When fiddles play.
Whoa, balance to our pardners an swing 'em left an right!

Then keen the fiddles goin until the break o' Per mess here times are Christmas time, an Who else care we for winter? We'll dance So balance to your pardners an swing 'em left an right!

THE BEETLE'S JOURNEY.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

The Emperor's horse was shod with gold; a golden shoe on each of its feet.

"It is not beautiful here!" said the Beetle. He was the most lovely creature, with long, long eyes as wise as a man's and a name that means a humming bird like a silk veil. He had carried his master through the fire and smoke of battle, and had heard the bullets whistling around him; he had kicked, bitten, and had taken part in the fight when the enemy advanced; and had sprung, with his master on his back, over the fallen foe, and had saved the crown and the life and the rights of the Emperor, which was more valuable than the crown, and that is why the Emperor's horse had golden shoes, a golden shoe on each foot.

And the Beetle came creeping forth.

"It is not beautiful here!" he said, then the little ones; but greatness is not the only thing that pleases," Sally went on saying, he stretched out his thin legs.

"What do you want?" asked the Smith.

"Golden shoes!" answered the Beetle.

"You must be out of your senses," cried the Smith, "golden shoes! I have no golden shoes, too!"

"Golden shoes!" said the Beetle. "Am I not just as good as that big beast yonder, that is fed and curried and brushed, and has meat and drink put before him? Don't I belong to the Emperor's stable?"

"But why do you want golden shoes? Don't you understand that!" asked the Smith.

"Understand? I understand that it is a slight put upon me, because I'm lame. It is a shame—and therefore I am going into the world."

"Go along," said the Smith.

"You're a rude fellow!" cried the Beetle; and then he went out of the stable, flew a little way, and soon afterward found himself in a beautiful garden, where roses smelt sweetly of roses and lilies.

"Is not beautiful here?" asked one of the little Lady-birds that flew about with black dots on their wings that were like strong red shields. "How sweet it is, how beautiful!"

"I have seen it better things," said the Beetle. "Do you call this beautiful? Why, there is not even room for a dung heap."

Then he went on, under the shadow of a great sunflower, and caterpillars were crawling along there.

"How beautiful the world is!" said the Caterpillar; "the sun is so warm, and all is so charming. And when I go to sleep, and die, as they call it, I shall wake up as a butterfly."

"You are making believe!" exclaimed the Beetle. "You fly about as a butterfly, indeed! I've come across a deal of that in the Emperor, but no one there, not even the Emperor himself, believes that. You will wears my cast-off golden shoes—has any such idea. Get wings! But why I can fly now!" and off flew the Beetle away. "I don't want to be vexed," and yet I am afraid he should never get alive, so he just lay there.

When it had a little, and the Beetle had rubbed the water out of his eyes, he saw something gleaming. It was linen that had been washed and dried in the sun. Under his way up to it, and crept into a fold of the coarse linen. Here was room, he was not uncomfortable to lie in as the warm stable, but then it was only for a time, and so he lay there for a whole day and a whole night, and the next day, about the time of the morning the Beetle crept forth; he was very much out of temper at the delay.

On the linen two frogs were sitting. Their bright eyes shone with pleasure.

"Wonderful weather this!" one of them cried. "How refreshing!" And the liquid keeps the water together so beautifully. My hind legs seem to quiver as if I were going to swim."

"I should like to know," said the second, "if the storks know us so far north in the many journeys in foreign lands, has found a better climate than this. Such drizzle! such wet! It is really as if one were lying in a wet ditch. If one does not like this, then he does not love his fatherland."

"Have you ever been in the Emperor's stable?" asked the Beetle. "There the dampness is warm and refreshing. That's the climate for me; but I cannot take it with me on my journey. Is there never a muck-heap here in the garden, where a person of rank, like me, can go and feel himself at home?"

But the Frogs either did not or would not understand him.

"I never ask a question twice" said the Beetle after he had asked three times without getting any answer.

So he went on a bit, where lay a broken flower pot; it ought not to have been lying there, it had fallen over several families [illegible] did not want much room [illegible] which to close together [illegible] all full of motherly pride, so each thought her child the prettiest and smartest.

"Our son is engaged," said one mother, "that, however, is the greatest happiness that he may creep one day into a parson's [illegible] He is such a dear little fellow, and [illegible] will keep him steady. What [illegible] for a mother!"

"Our son," said another mother, "had scarcely crept out of the egg, when he was off on his travels. He's a sad life and spirits, he'll run his horns off. That is a trure joy for a mother! Is it not so, Mr. Beetle?" for she knew the stranger by his horny coat.

"You are both quite right," said he; so they begged him to walk in—that is to say, to come as far as he could under the bit of [illegible]

"And you shall also see my little earwig," said a third mother and a fourth. They [illegible] the lovely little things, and so cunning. They are never [illegible] except when they have a stomach-ache; but one is very apt to have that in their a

"Thus each mother spoke of her baby; and the children talked among themselves, and used the little nippers they have in their [illegible] as the way of the Beetle.

"Yes, they are always busy about something, the little rogues!" said the mothers; and they quite overcame with motherly pride; but the Beetle felt bored by it, and so he [illegible] and crept to the nearest muck-[illegible]

"That is quite out in the big world, on the other side of the ditch," said an Earwig; "I've been there. I hope none of my children will go there, for it would be the death of them."

"But I shall try to get so far," said the Beetle, and he went off without saying good-by; that was his polite way.

By the ditch he met several re-[illegible]-bees, for it was a [illegible]

"Here we live," they said. "We are very well off, as you may ask, you to step down into this rich mud? You must be tired after your journey."

"That I am indeed," said the [illegible] have been upon linen in the rain, and cleaning-days are dreadful days. I have also a pain in one of my wings, from standing too near a sugar's bits of cutters. It is really quite refreshing to be among my own people once more."

Perhaps you come from a muck-heap?" said the oldest of them.

"Higher up," said the Beetle. "I come from the Emperor's stable, where I was born with golden shoes on my feet. I am traveling on a secret errand. You must [illegible] me, for I can't tell you."

With this the Beetle stepped down into the rich mud. There sat three young ladies Beetles, and they tittered, because they did not knew what to say.

"They [illegible] again, [illegible] ordered. "They [illegible] better ones in the Emperor's stables," said the traveled Beetle.

"Don't spoil my girls," said the mother; "and don't tell them about the stables, for I mean what you say. But of course you are in earnest, and therefore I give you my daughters."

"Hurrah!" cried all the other Beetles; and our friend was astonished. First the engagement, then the wedding, for there was nothing to wait for.

The next day went off all right; the one day followed the other, and hard it was time to think of food for the wife, and perhaps for broods.

"I have let m- if be taken in," said our Beetle. "And now there's nothing for it but to take the rich mud."

So said, so done. Away he went, he was quite all day in search of some all right; and his wife sat there a widow.

"Yes, now she is all that this fellow was a tramp when they had taken into their family; and now his wife was on their hands."

In the meantime, the Beetle was on his journey, and had arrived across the ditch on a cabbage leaf. In the morning two persons found him. When the girl saw the Beetle, they took him up, and turned him over, and looked very learned, at least some of them did—a boy.

"Allah sees the black beetle in the brook below!" said he, and he knew of not that written in the Koran." he asked, and then [illegible]

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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The Savage Bachelor.
[illegible] Mary," said the Savage Bachelor. "Woman is a necessity to always active."

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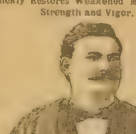

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PUZZLE
FIND THE PRINCESS.

The picture represents four men, a [illegible] and a horse in the [illegible] Each of the men is dressed in the [illegible] any of the persons in the picture. Search [illegible] and when you have found the princess, write her name on a piece of paper and send it to us. If you do you will get a handsome prize for your trouble. We will also send you a [illegible] to pay for a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY and the prize. Remember, you have to find the princess before you can get the prize. Following is a description of the four persons:

No. 1. A [illegible]
No. 2. [illegible]
No. 3. [illegible]
No. 4. [illegible]

Send your answer at once, with [illegible] and address, to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Puzzle Dept., BOYCE BLDG., CHICAGO.
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BLUE WATER ROVERS.

In Search of What?---A Thrilling Story of Peril and Adventure---To Quicken the Pulse of Boys and Girls.

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR.

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A strange ship appears at Gray Gull, a New England fishing village. She proves to be a yacht and is commanded by Karl Lorraine, a handsome young fellow of about twenty years of age. Karl decides to take a short cruise on the yacht in company with Jack Watterson, who lives in Gray Gull. Ned Ravenswood, a boy of much the same age, who also lives there, and Ralph Morton, a boy of Watterson's own age, are invited to go with them. A man calling himself Ivora comes aboard the yacht and Karl and Ivora sail away. When he returns to the dock, some days later, Captain Karl has an interview with Jack Watterson and Ralph Morton and explains to Ralph and Jack's father that Ivora is a stranger to the former and a mere ship carpenter to the latter. Ivora's father is a rich man and Ralph is his only son. Ivora's daughter, a sunny and charming maiden, is staying with her father at the same hotel. Karl knows the destination of the ship. A man on board, who proves to be insane, attacks Ned as if to destroy him.

CHAPTER IV.
UNCLE NEPTUNE.

The attack of the madman was so sudden and terrible that Ned was powerless to defend himself.

Ralph was too terrified to stir hand or foot.

At that critical moment, however, an unexpected preserver was at hand.

With a cry of horror the maiden reappeared on the scene; and springing in front of the wild assailant, it seemed for a moment that she must meet the fate intended for Ned.

But at sight of her the man paused and his arms fell by his side.

"Shame upon you, Uncle Neptune!" she said. "He would not harm you. Come, let's go below. You and I will have nothing to do with such as they."

As meekly as a child he allowed her to lead him away, though once he glared back at Ned with a look the latter would not soon forget.

"Well, I should like to know what sort of a duffer he is!" continued Ralph, as soon as he had recovered his speech. "Spose there is many such critters?"

Ned shook his head, at a loss to know the meaning of this new mystery of the Silversail.

While the boys were discussing the strange man's attack and the singular reception the maiden Carl Karl joined them.

Ned related exactly what had occurred, but had the courage to refer the matter to him.

"As the maiden was not seen again that night, they were fain to await further developments.

As the vessel increased her speed she rolled and pitched so the boys began to feel the ill effects.

By the time the open water was reached they were in that state of mind and stomach which makes one afraid they won't die.

No sleep visited them that night, which was one long to be remembered by them.

Toward morning they did go to their berths and were soon to lie down for a short time.

The next day dawned clear and beautiful. Ned and Ralph, feeling much better, came on deck.

Around them as far as they could see extended the blue, unbroken field of water, furrowed by short, choppy waves that glistened and sparkled in the sunlight like burnished silver, and bounded by the far, azure line of the horizon, formed of the blended hues of the sky and ocean. Here and there in the extreme distance a few white specks, which they knew were sails, dotted the waste of waters.

The sea breeze fanned their feverish brows with a delicious coolness that fairly took away the ill effects of their previous sufferings.

Karl and his sister were sitting in chairs on the shady side of the quarterdeck.

The latter was beckoning to them, so they crossed the deck to them.

Karl rose graciously to meet them, and after repeating their names to her, gave that of his sister.

"Very unnecessary, I am sure," said Ralph, arising from her seat and making a very low bow. "I am happy to make your acquaintance, I'm sure, and I intended to introduce myself later on, perhaps; I did forget to give my name," she added, demurely. "Well, I am glad to be so glad to see you now."

Both Ralph and Ned were too much confused to answer intelligibly. However, Karl came quickly to their relief.

"Here comes one who wants an introduction, I am sure," he said.

"Ned, allow me to make you acquainted with our Quixotic friend, Senor Leon Calvo, who, if he has a fault, has a true heart."

Scraping his foot after the manner of nautical etiquette, and touching his forelock, a handsome, dashing youth of twenty years came to the front.

"I want to thank you, Ned, for saving my life yesterday to others worthless, perhaps, but the most valuable possession I have. I know we shall be friends."

Ned said he felt sure of it, and very modestly disclaimed anything worthy of praise on his part.

"So you are the bold youth who rescued Leon so gallantly," said Ivora. "I want to thank you, too, for Leon is a favorite of mine, though I fear his rash conduct will get him into serious trouble yet."

Ned's gaze fell to the deck, as he failed to make any reply. But Ralph, more bold in his self-conceit, was equal to the occasion, and came to gain her favor. He said:

"Yes, I told him it could be done, and I should have gone myself only one of us had to remain on shore."

"Indeed!" said Ivora, and, as the subject was not pursued further, he did not have to explain why he was obliged to remain behind."

"It is I who am your debtor for saving me from that terrible death, my darling," declared Ned to Ivora a few minutes later. "I am sure he meant harm, and his wild ways quite took away my senses."

"I do not wonder, though. I did nothing to deserve commendation. Uncle Neptune, as we call him, will do anything for me. But I never saw him so wild as he was last night, though we have to keep him confined all of the time.

"He is crazy," she continued, noticing Ned's and Ralph's inquiring looks. "He knows no one and hardly ever speaks, except when we are having a storm; then he seems as sane as any of us. Strange, isn't it? And the wilder the storm, the calmer he is."

"I should hate to have an uncle like him," said Ralph.

"Oh, he is not my real uncle. The sailors began to call him Uncle Neptune, and it have fallen into the habit. None of us knows his true name. We found him up at sea during a fearful storm. He seemed all right then, but as soon as the storm cleared away he became crazy. We completed the poor man, and so we have cared for him ever since. Father and I, and Karl and myself, come to us him."

And Ivora's face grew pale to learn anything from her life," asked Ned, greatly interested in the account of the unfortunate person.

"From the little that he is able to tell in his sane moments, he was the sole survivor of a wreck away or left on a lonely island, where he must have stayed for a long time. Food upon the poor man, and so we have cared for him. He is quite harmless, you see. Karl and myself come to us him."

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"Give me your hand, my boy, I did not realize that. You may yet command a ship better than the Silversail."

Without hearing with them any incident worthy of mention, day after day passed, fair winds alternating with headwinds, the Silversail encountering no gale severe enough to call for a reef, though the light sails had been furled a few times in cases of sudden squalls.

Notwithstanding the favorable weather, there were not many idle hours for the crew, for there is always plenty to do on shipboard.

There are guys to splice, sails to mend, the decks to wash and the brasswork and one odd jobs that fall to the lot of a seaman. It is a ceaseless round of duty.

The farmer's boy may complain of the drudgery of his work, the apprentice of the monotony of his tasks and the clerk of the unvarying demands upon his time; but how much more tedious must be the daily service of the seaman.

His lives in a small world, encircled ever by that self-same girdle of water For him there are no new landscapes or fields and plains, of rivers and valleys, but ever the sleepless tide, now capped with white billows, anon lying like a huge mirror as placid as the blue vault above reflecting but its own image.

The Silversail in many respects was different from the average vessel in management as well as in construction. No profanity was allowed, and rough treatment was ignored.

Usually with sailing ships at the time of which I write there was every officer allowed little or no intercourse between himself and his crew. It was a, word, if that were ignored, a blow or a kick followed.

The discipline on the Silversail was peculiar. Captain Karl was a strict disciplinarian, for that was a name invariably given him, but though he was stern, had a wonderful control over those under him. To a man they seemed to admire him. He was a man quick to patient to all, and no order from him seemed like a command. His crew had the greatest respect to the most trifling wishes of man, and the young commander was a thorough master of his craft.

From their first meeting Ned felt a strong attraction for the young man. But Ralph, according to the strange perverseness of his nature formed a dislike for him. Perhaps it was because Karl had the better impression, and thus a jealous feeling had arisen in his heart that as it may, he held aloof from the others rather than to accept their kind and wholesome offers.

Ned had entered heart and hand into his work, to soon become a first-class sailor. He was determined to be had been learning. He had mastered the intricacies of knots and splices, could go aloft and hand with any of the crew, and could steer as good a course by the helm, or tiller, as a veteran man.

Strangely, enough Zack Deems ignored Ned as far as possible. Perhaps he saw the folly of fermenting a quarrel and was waiting for a better opportunity. Once in passing Ned he had hissed:

"I ain't through, fellow, boy; my turn'll come by an' by."

Ned forgot this threat before the smiles of Ivora.

Both she and her brother were very free in their conversation, and have upon subjects it might say two, themselves and the Silversail.

Not a hint had fallen from the lips of either one as to their destination. Where they were bound and for what purpose none seemed to know or care.

One day Ralph carelessly admitted that Karl was an exile and she an outcast.

The next moment she broke forth with a touch of womanly pride. "Right royalty," as if sorrow had never touched her youthful heart.

But the Silversail sped lightly on until the warmer regions of the torrid zone was reached. Ned and Karl discovered that they had entered the Blue Water realm.

Is it so beautiful?" asked Ralph. "I don't see any difference in the color."

"No? Have you eyes, child, Karl," but it has that deep azure tint easily recognized by those who are familiar to it. We pass into the Blue Water realm when it marks the boundary of the kingdom of Cocoa, the Pearl Water Rover, who is our mortal enemy. He would never pursue us beyond his realm, but as long as we are within its province we are continually defying him.

From this hour the demanor of Karl entirely changed. His cheery smile gave place to a look of seriousness, and he was almost continually on the lookout for a sail.

"We are in the pathway of our most dreaded enemy," he said, "and with our small force in meeting with a foe it to be avoided. I pray we may escape his lynx eyes."

On the second day after entering the belt of blue water Ned's prayer was answered, for three days there was not a breath sufficient to stir the smallest of canvas.

Such times are always irksome to the sailor, and if there is a mischievous spirit aboard it is sure to develop itself.

On the third afternoon of the calm Karl and Ivora, with half a dozen companions, among whom were Ned and Ralph, were enjoying the protection of the quarter-deck from the torrid sun, when a shrill laugh was borne to them from the maintop.

Looking up with surprise they saw some one clinging to the shrouds so far above them that his body appeared no larger than a child's.

CHAPTER VII.
FATE OF NED.

"Look!" cried a seaman. "It's Uncle Neptune!"

It was true.

Uncle Neptune was far above them, laughing and clapping his hands with glee.

"Come down!" cried Karl, and then, turning half in fun to Ned and Ralph, said:

"A new jacket to the boy who catches him."

Neither boy wanted more encouragement. Each ran up the shrouds like monkeys. Both, however, were too late.

Uncle Neptune uttered a loud laugh and leaped far out into the sea.

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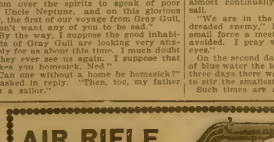

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He struck the water head foremost and went far beneath the surface.

Ned was about to follow suit when Karl held up his hand.

"Stop!" he cried. "Uncle Neptune can swim like a duck!"

While he spoke the commander of the Silversail threw a rope over the vessel's side.

When he rose to the surface Uncle Neptune caught it and a minute later he was standing with water dripping from his clothes on the Silversail's deck.

Ivora stood ready to receive him.

Taking him gently by the arm she led him below.

"It's only one of Uncle Neptune's pranks," said Karl, as he walked forward.

Ned and Ralph noticed that their captain's demeanor changed again.

His amusement at Uncle Neptune's prank lasted only a few minutes, and now he was the sober and thoughtful commander again.

The thought of Conrad, the Blue Water Rover, and what would be the result of their meeting should they cross each other's path, again occupied our hero's mind.

Darkness was coming on and the sailors were putting the Silversail in order for the night.

The signal and other lights were in their places.

Karl still continued to pace the deck.

Half an hour passed.

No one dared to disturb him.

Evidently he was in a deep thought.

Suddenly a cry arose from aloft.

"Light on the starboard bow!"

Karl started and cried:

"Quick! My night glass!"

The Silversail was approaching a small channel.

Karl took a hurried glance through the glass and uttered an exclamation:

"The Ibex!"

"Who?" demanded Ivora.

"Our enemy, Conrad, the Blue Water Rover!"

"Impossible!" cried the young girl.

Karl was all action now.

"Quick! Put the lights!" he cried.

At this moment they were some distance

"Forward," thundered Conrad. Ned raised his foot for the fatal step.

from the dangerous channel called the Finger of Fire.

Ralph looked around for Ned.

He was nowhere to be seen.

Ralph was so occupied with the work of the sailors in putting out the lights that he had not noticed Ned's disappearance.

In the meantime Conrad and his ship were approaching.

In the blinding darkness officers and crew watched the approach of their enemy as nearly as they could by their own flickering lights.

"He will make the passage," said Karl, inwardly; whether in at the helm knows the channel well."

"We will sell our lives as dearly as possible," said Lieutenant Calvo, "and Conrad will find us no mean foe."

"We must keep cool, yet," said his commander hopefully. "I think I see a way."

At this stage Ivora looked around for Ned and Ralph.

"Where are the boys?" she asked.

In the brief respite following the exciting passage of the Finger of Fire no one had thought of the boys. Now, it soon became evident, were not on deck.

"They're below," said Zack Deems. "I'm purty sure I seen 'em steal down th' gangway soon arter we entered th' channel."

An anxious search was immediately begun for the missing ones, which resulted in finding Ralph in his berth, and when aroused he blubbered:

"I'm sick! Oh, don't shake me so. I had an awful pain come on——"

"Where is Ned?"

"Indeed, ain't seen him. Maybe he had pains."

After Ralph had seen the lights put out and being unable to find Ned, he descended the companion ladder to his berth, where Zack and the others found him.

As the search for the missing youth continued unavailing the searchers grew anxious.

"He's hidin' somewhere," persited Deems. "He looked mighty sheert when th' storm kem on."

But none of the others would believe this and when they had to give up the search for him it was unanimously decided that something of evil had befallen him.

"He must have fallen overboard," declared Calvo. "I am sure he was on deck and standing by the lee rail when we entered the passage of the Finger."

"Yes, I think, too," said Ivora, "and spoke to him. He did not seem one bit frightened. Something must have happened to him. He is overboard. Oh, Karl, can't a boat be lowered to find him? I will go in it."

"Nay, my sister, that would be useless; if he fell overboard, he must have drowned ere this. Poor fellow. I am sorry for him."

"Oh, brother, we must ——" and find him. If a light was hung out he might see that and swim to the ship."

"But the light would betray us to our enemies and we should all fall into their hands."

"What can we do? It seems like murder to stand here and do nothing. Even at this moment he may be in need of a friend."

By this time the light of the Winged Wind was at hand and continued to approach.

As it came nearer and nearer those on the Silversail grew more anxious, for it seemed as if they must be discovered.

At last, however, Karl said with a breath of relief:

"She veers to the port. She will pass us. We shall be saved!"

"If they do not see us tonight they will in the morning, the harbor is so small," said Lieutenant Calvo.

"If we are here," replied Captain Karl, significantly.

A few minutes later the order was given to weigh anchor, and amid a scene of silence and darkness the Silversail was

Meanwhile, what has really happened to Ned Raynor?

As Calvo had said, he was standing by the lee rail watching the stormy scene as the Silversail forged her way along the winding passage to the little harbor.

He was so engrossed with the thrilling situation that he did not notice the approach of one of the sailors, who crept cautiously toward him, until suddenly he was dealt a blow over the head which felled him backward senseless.

When he recovered his consciousness he found himself in the sea at the mouth of the channel.

He was a good swimmer and he at once struck out in the direction he supposed the Silversail had gone.

In the blinding gloom he could see nothing of the vessel, and, weighed down as he was with his clothes, he had little hope of being saved.

He was not one, however, to give up without a struggle, so he swam on and on against the breakers, which seemed most hurl him upon the rocks on every hand.

How long he swam he could not tell, but he had nearly exhausted his energies and he had given up hope when a ship's light burst upon his gaze.

"Ship ahoy!" he shouted.

But the wind seemed to fling the words back into his teeth, and he shouted again and again without avail.

"Help, help, or I drown!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OR DISHONOR.

In the midst of Ned's despair something struck him in the face and coiled about his body like a serpent.

It was one of the vessel's towlines and he caught upon it with the clutch of a drowning man.

The next he knew he was lying upon a coil of rope on the deck of a ship and a number of strange visages were looking down upon him.

Not one of them was familiar to him and the scene around him, as far as he could see by the dim lantern light, was a strange one.

"Where am I?" he cried, starting to a sitting posture.

"He's come round," cried one of the onlookers. "Tell the chief."

In a moment a newcomer appeared, dressed in a gorgeous manner, and carrying in the scabbard lashed to his body a sword.

He seemed like a man of forty and would have been good looking had it not been for the cruel, murderous look gleaming from his countenance.

"Oh, ho!" he greeted, "so you have found life again. I never expected you would open your eyes again when we pulled you in, and I should have consigned you thrown into the sea like a dead fish, only for a passing fancy of mine."

"Who are you?" asked Ned, in a dazed, bewildered way, "and where am I?"

"I should put you down as a Yankee at once," replied the other, with a smile which displayed two rows of pearly teeth. "But to set your mind at rest I will inform you that you are on the saucy brig Winged Wind, and I am Conrad, the Blue Water King."

"Now, humble yourself, dog of an American, or I will feed my sword upon your worthless body."

"I owe my life to you," replied Ned, undaunted; "but more than that I am not your debtor."

Instead of bowing before the other, he rose to his feet, defiantly facing him.

"You are impudent, if not more," retorted the corsair chief. "But I like you the better for it. Did you belong to the Silversail?"

"Ay, sir."

"Then you can give me information which may be worth your life. Whither has Karl Lorraine been?"

"To America, sir."

"Ah, I mistrusted as much. You shipped with him there?"

"Ay, sir."

"Whither is she bound?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Beware, young man, how you answer. I have a way of forcing the truth from those who resort to deception.

"What was Karl Lorraine to America for?"

"I cannot tell you, sir. In fact, I know no more of the matter than you."

"Bah, you lie now! But I will find a way to force the truth from you. You are young and life must be sweet to you. Now, mind, I have this proposition to make to you:

"Tell me Karl Lorraine's errand in America, whom he was to meet, whither he is now bound, and I will spare your life. If you fail to do so you must die."

"I can only repeat, sir, that I do not know."

"Stop!" exclaimed the corsair chief, stamping his foot furiously. "I have no time to waste in counting you. Once for all, I say, you shall answer my questions or swing from your yardarm. I will give you ten seconds in which to decide between life and death."

"One——"

Ned glanced hastily over the scene, to see not a single sympathetic countenance among that motley throng.

If he had been missed from the Silversail he realized he could not hope for succor from his friends.

The storm had seemed to abate somewhat and the corsair's brig rode easily at anchor in the little harbor, while lying in wait, as he felt confident, for the Silversail.

He could only meet death with such fortitude as he could command, and he resolved to show no trace of cowardice.

"Two, three, four, five," continued the corsair, in a slow, measured voice.

"Life is sweet; choose wisely; ten seconds are gone. What is your answer?"

"I have already given it to you, sir," replied Ned, firmly.

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We give these rings absolutely free to our subscribers. Ring No. 6 is not with small "under" diamonds, but with rubies. Remember, you get your choice of any two rings shown in this advertisement.

For a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, and we will send you your choice of any two rings shown in this cut. Remember our premium is really paper. We know that if we can get you to read the paper for a year you will continue for it is filled with the best and most fascinating literature, money, time and expense. Each number contains a complete novel by Horatio Alger, Jr., Gen. James A. Gordon, Harry Castlemon, Oliver Optic, Frank Lee Benedict, Prof. Robert Kerr and hundreds of other well known writers. Short stories of adventure, travel, discovery, humorous sketches in fact the best and most fascinating literature, money, time and expense. Each number contains a complete novel by Horatio Alger, Jr., Gen. James A. Gordon, Harry Castlemon, Oliver Optic, Frank Lee Benedict, Prof. Robert Kerr and hundreds of other well known writers. Short stories of adventure, travel, discovery, humorous sketches in fact the best and most fascinating literature will be fully covered by the world's greatest authors. We wish to introduce BOYCE'S MONTHLY into every home and therefore make the most liberal offer ever presented to the readers of any paper. Send 25 cents in stamps or silver and we will send you BOYCE'S MONTHLY for a year and your choice of any two rings shown in this cut. Remember it is a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, and we will send the rings postpaid. If you are already a subscriber state the fact, and the subscription will commence when your present subscription expires. Address

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"THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK."
BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE DIDN'T USE
SAPOLIO

"Do you mean to say, young man, that you are fool enough to throw away your life without reason? Speak quickly . . . you would save your life."

"Sir, I have told you more than I would were I to answer your questions again. The truth from me is sealed by you."

A murmur not unmixed with admiration came from the spectators at this bold reply.

"I believe the boy has told the truth," said an old, weatherbeaten seadog, aside.

Conrad himself seemed inclined to this belief, and his next words showed a change in his tactics.

"I like your mettle, boy, though I cannot admire your judgment. I am going to give you one chance more."

As Ned did not speak he continued:

"Join our league and I will spare your life. What do you say, boy? Will you take the oath of allegiance to the Blue Water Rovers, to live a wild and a merry life, or die with your manhood all before you?"

Ned hesitated but a moment. Though his life had not been cast in pleasant ways, he had an inherent honesty which prompted him to choose the better if the more dangerous course. His answer to the corsair chief was firm and decided.

"Better death than dishonor!"

Conrad's thin lips curled with a smile of disdain.

"A plank!" he cried, quickly. "Let him return to the elements from which we saved him. Lively, too, for see, the storm is lifting and we must not delay longer here."

"Ahoy, lookout!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you see anything of the Silversail yet?"

"No, sir, and I can nearly see over the harbor, sir."

"Can it be possible the witch has eluded me? No. It is impossible. She must be in one of the coves."

"Lookout, keep your eyes open."

"Ay, ay, sir."

By this time a plank had been procured, and when the sailors had placed it across the vessel's rail with one end resting on the deck and the other reaching out over the water, Conrad offered Ned forward to his doom.

His last spark of hope flown now, if he had had any before, Ned stepped upon the fatal plank.

When he had taken three steps and knew that the next would precipitate him into the sea he hesitated a moment.

His hands were securely bound behind him, and he knew he must drown.

"Forward!" thundered Conrad. "You spurned my offer to save your life; now see if you have the courage to die!"

With a murmured prayer upon his lips, Ned raised his foot for the fatal step.

This stirring story of peril and adventure will be continued in next week's Ledger.

Hobbies of Royalties.

These folks who possess a passion for hobbies—and their name is legion—will doubtless be interested in knowing that this particular characteristic is not confined to the blue bloods of the earth, many kings and queens being hobby lovers in a most interesting and varied fashion, as the following authentic details will prove:

Queen Victoria is very fond of gardening, and all her children have been taught to dig and plant flowers as a recreation in season. Her majesty is also passionately fond of dogs and ponies, her special favorite being an old Shetland pony named Sir Nie.

The Duke of Edinburg is an ardent stamp collector, and now possesses one of the finest collection of stamps in the world.

The queen of Italy has a peculiar hobby. She delights in the collection of gloves, boots and shoes which have been worn at different periods by royal and imperial personages. She has a pair of white slippers and a fan which belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots; also shoes worn by Queen Anne and the Empress Josephine.

King Humbert of Italy takes great delight in amateur cooking, in which he shows no mean skill.

The Empress of Germany is quite a champion knitter and uses large wooden needles for the work she does.

The Empress of Japan is distinguished for her clever manipulation of the koto, a Japanese instrument resembling the zither.

She Wanted Bare Facts.

The mayor of a far western city once received the following letter of inquiry:

"Kind and respected Sir—I see in a paper that a man named John Sipes was attacted and et up by a bare whose kubs he was tryin to git, when the she bare come up and stopt him by cattin him in the mountaines near your town.

"What I want to know is, did it kill him, or was he only pardly et up and is he from this place and all about the bare. I don't know but what he is a distant husband of mine.

"My first husband was of that name and I supposed he was killed in the war, but the name of the man the bare et being the same I thought it might be him after all and I ought to know if he wasn't killed either in the war or by the bare, for I have been married twice and those ought to be drawing papers got out by him or me if the bare did not eat him all up. If it is him, you will know it by his having six toes on the left foot.

"He also had a spread eagle tattooed in his front chest and a anker on his right arm with pork and beans by him. If the bare did not eat up those signs of its being him.

"Find out all you kin about him without his knowing what it is for. That is, if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did, I don't see as you can do anything and you needn't take no trouble. Please answer back.

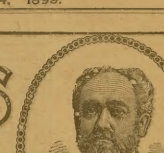
"P. S.—Was the bare killed?" Alas was he married again and did he leave any propty with me laying claime to?"

Marked Attention.

"His attentions to you have been marked, have they not?" said the young woman's unscrupulous friend.

"Oh, yes. He has never taken the price off any of his presents."

Dr. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription



WOMAN'S MEDICAL ADVISER

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

Is not the relative physical suffering of woman an injustice? From fifteen to forty-five—that is from the dawn of womanhood until the change of life—the average woman spends just one-third of that thirty years in suffering more or less great. Ten years taken out of her life. Ten years taken out of the powers, the pleasures, the possibilities of life, and ten years of care and pain added to the normal burdens of life that fall alike on man and woman.

IS IT FAIR?

How many a woman, aching and miserable, moaning in the loneliness of her darkened chamber has asked that question; *"Is it fair?"* But there is a more important question to be asked before that question which arraigns impartial Nature at the bar of reason, and that great question is:

IS SUCH SUFFERING NECESSARY?

If it can be proved beyond a doubt that women who have suffered in this way have been cured, made sound and whole, their pains banished never to return, then it is proved that such suffering is not necessary for *some* women. And if again it can be proved that ninety-eight women out of every hundred without regard to age or the gravity of their disease, have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, of irregularities, inflammations, ulcerations, female weaknesses, and debilitating drains, then it is also proven that such suffering is unnecessary to *most* women. These facts have been proved and are being proved every day in the practice of Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., where Dr. R. V. Pierce presides as chief consulting physician.

"I wrote you for advice February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs. Lona Halstead, of Cumberland, Clay Co., Ind. Dyer, "and was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz., Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also give advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day at hard work."

It is to be noted that Mrs. Halstead's cure began with a letter written to Dr. Pierce for advice. In tens of thousands of similar cases the cure

BEGIN WITH A LETTER

seeking advice, which is given absolutely without fee or condition. Free medical advice, in what Dr. Pierce offers every sick and ailing woman. Any one can make that offer. Only a physician can make it honestly and carry out its promise. The very trusting nature of woman makes her a mark for the schemes of the man who invites the correspondence of women, disguising himself as a woman, to win woman's confidence. Does any accredited doctor need to put on a woman's clothes to win a woman's confidence? The very fact that such disguise is need, and women are invited *by a man* to "write to a woman," shows that the one offering advice is not a qualified physician, and assumes a woman's dress to cover up the fact.

SEEKING MEDICAL ADVICE

cannot be given by a man or woman who is not a physician. Remember too that there are ways in medical experience and skill, and that Dr. Pierce with his staff of nearly a score of trained specialists, his more than thirty years' experience, and his record of over half-a-million women treated, with ninety-eight in every hundred cured, offers you free, more skilful service than money can buy outside the great cities, where such skill can be bought, but only by the wealthy. The proof of Dr. Pierce's special skill lies in the fact that a large part of his cures have been performed in cases where the local physicians had utterly failed to give help.

"I write you to let you know the great benefit I have received from your medicines, and by following your advice regarding self-treatment at home," writes Mrs. Nelson Hutchens, of 406 Rice Street, St. Paul, Minn. "When I took weak you I had been in three different cases and two of them said I would never get better without going to the hospital for an operation. I just sat down and cried and said, 'If I have to die, I will die at home with my two dear little ones.' I had a miscarriage in May last and was weak all summer. Was not able to do anything. If I would get up and walk to the kitchen and back I would have to lie in bed for a day or sometimes two days. I last August I sent for a set of Dr. Pierce's pamphlets and read of his wonderful work. I wrote to him for information, and received an answer with advice direct from the Doctor, advising me to try his medicines. Now I have used six bottles of his "Favorite Prescription" and six of the "Golden Medical Discovery," and the result is just wonderful. I did not tell the doctors what I was taking. I have not been to any physician since the day I received the first letter from Dr. Pierce, and I feel as good as I ever did before I had the miscarriage. I was so nervous I had to have some one by my side all the time even in the day time, and I could hardly eat anything. I took treatment from a doctor twice a week, and every time I went he gave me a bottle of sick, but since I quit all the doctors and began taking your medicines I gained 20 pounds, have gained in flesh ever since, within the last four months. I weighed 125 wht. I began taking your medicines in August and now I am up to my usual weight, 145. I cannot thank you enough for your wonderful medicines, and I wish you every success in the treatment of other cases as you have had in mine. I am as well and feel as good as ever."

HALF A MILLION WOMEN

could be put on the stand to testify that "Favorite Prescription" takes away the sadness of mind and pain of body which waiting mothers so often suffer; that it makes the baby's coming a natural thing, and therefore practically painless; that it gives strength to nurse and nourish the little one into robust childhood, and makes a "happy household chime for weans and wife."

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IT CONTAINS NO NARCOTICS AND NO ALCOHOL IN ANY FORM!

THE BEETLE'S JOURNEY.

(Continued from page eleven.)

he translated the Beetle's name into Latin, and told all about his kind. The older scholar voted for one name, and then with them. They had some more just like him, he said; this was not very polite, the Beetle thought, and so he flew out of the speaker's hand. He flew quite a bit, as he now had dry wings, and so reached a hot bed, where in the nicest way a sash of the glass roof was partly open, he quickly slipped in and buried himself in the warm earth.

"It is just right here," said he.

Soon after he fell asleep, and dreamed that the Emperor's horse had fallen, and that Mr. Beetle had got his golden shoes with the promise of two more.

That was all very charming, and when the Beetle woke, he crept out and looked around him. How grand it was in the hot-house! Great palm-trees grew up to the roof; the sun made them transparent, and beneath them was a mass of green and flowers bloomed red as fire, yellow as amber, and white as fresh-fallen snow.

"There never was such a lot of plants," cried the Beetle, "how good they will taste when they begin to rot! A capital storeroom this! Some of my family must be living here. I will just track about, and see if I can find anyone with whom I may keep company. I'm proud, certainly; and I'm proud of being proud."

And so he went about and thought of his dream about the dead horse, and the golden shoes that had come to him.

All at once a hand seized the Beetle, and pressed him, and turned him round and round.

The gardener's little son and a companion had come to the hot-house, and spied the Beetle, and wanted to have some fun with him. First, he was wrapped in a vine-leaf, and then put into warm trousers pocket. He crabbled and crabbled about there with all his might; but he got a good squeeze from the boy's hand, and then they went quickly toward the large pond that lay at the end of the garden. Here the Beetle was put in an old broken wooden shoe, a little stick was placed upright for a mast, and to this mast the Beetle was bound with a woolen thread, so that he was the captain's and had to sail away.

It was a great big lake, so it seemed to the Beetle, a real ocean; and he was so astonished that he fell over on his back, and kicked out with his legs.

The wooden shoe sailed away. There was a current in the water, but whenever the vessel went too far out, one of the boys turned up his trousers and waded in after it, and brought it back to land. But when it was again in the current, the boys were not called for, and very loudly, too; so off they went, and left the wooden shoe to be a wooden shoe. Thus it drove away from the shore, farther and farther into the open sea; it was awful for the Beetle; he could not fly away, for he was bound to a mast.

Then a Fly came and paid him a visit.

"What fine weather we are having!" said the Fly. "I'll rest here and sun myself. You are having a good time."

"You talk as if you knew all about it," replied the Beetle. "Don't you see that I'm tied?"

"Ah! but I'm not tied," said the Fly; and so off she flew away.

"Well, now I know the world," said the Beetle to himself. "It's a mean world. I'm the only honest man in it. First, they refuse me my golden shoes; then I have to go on board, and am tied to the mast, and at last beggar myself with a wife. If I take a step out into the world, no one will see how it is out there, and how I think it ought to be, one of them comes along and ties me up out on the wild sea. And all the while the Emperor's horse goes about in golden shoes. That is what annoys me more than all. But one must not look for pity in this world! My career has been very interesting; but what's the use of that, if nobody knows it? The world does not deserve it, or it would have given me golden shoes in the Emperor's stable, when the emperor's horse perished; for I have a right to be shod. If I had got golden shoes, I should have been shod, and when the horse in the stable has lost me, and the world has lost me, it is its own loss."

But all was not yet over. A boat came along with some young girls in it.

"There is an old wooden shoe sailing along," said one of the girls.

"There is a Beetle tied fast on it," said another.

The boat came quite close to the wooden shoe, they picked it up, and one of the girls drew a pin out of her kerchief, and put it in pocket, and cut the woolen thread without touching the Beetle, and when they put him on shore, she put him down on the grass.

"Creep, creep—fly, fly—if thou canst," said the Beetle, and off he crept.

And the Beetle flew straight in at the open door of the Emperor's palace, and sank down, tired out, on the fine, soft, long mane of the Emperor's horse, who stood in the stable where he and the Beetle were. The Beetle clung to the horse's mane, and it seemed to the Beetle as if thunder was rumbling within himself.

"Here I am sitting on the Emperor's horse, and a little bird sits in his ear, and tells what was I saying? Oh, now I remember. That is a good thing, and I am correct. Why did the horse have golden shoes? That is what I was asking. He was the captain's very clearly. The horse got them for my sake."

And now the Beetle was in good temper again.

"One gets his head clear by travel," said he.

The sun shone in upon him, and shone prettily.

"The world is not so bad upon the whole," said the Beetle; "but one must know how to take it." The world was charming, because the Beetle was in the Emperor's stable, since the Beetle was to be his rider.

"Yes! I'll get drunk now with the other beetles and tell them how much has been done for me. That is what I like best. I have had on my travels, and I will say that I shall stay at home as long as the horse keeps his gold shoes shining."

The Use of Hot Drinks.

Hot drinks have come into such wide use during late years among persons afflicted with indigestion. A tepid cup of water is a marked sedative influence on the gastric mucous membrane and often relieves the painful spasm often followed by vomiting in the dyspeptic.

The recognized, perhaps, is the influence of hot drinks on the motor functions of the stomach. In the atonic dyspeptic of every nothing remains in the stomach six hours after a meal, and the presence of alimentary debris after that period indicates the presence of some degree of muscular paresis. This condition of things can often be greatly benefited by the use of hot water with or immediately after meals, but in many cases permanent benefit can only be obtained by persevering, faithful treatment being methodically carried out for some months. As might be anticipated, the hot water treatment does not always relieve the motor defects in the same degree as the muscular weakness, but by maintaining the stomach in a hygienic condition we may, at any rate hope to check further disorganization of the peptic glands. The temperature of hot drinks should be from 105 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

Farina Pudding

Two tablespoonfuls of farina, two eggs, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of milk and two teaspoonfuls of orange or vanilla extract. Put the milk on the stove, and before it comes to the boiling point stir in the farina. Let this boil for ten minutes, drop in the other part of the sugar and stir in slowly the yolks of the eggs and sugar beaten together; now remove from the stove and when partly cooled add the flavoring and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Beat together four eggs, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar and the juice of one large arrowroot; add this to one quart of milk, which has been heated in a double boiler; cook, stirring until it thickens; when it has thickened and there is no suggestion of lumps in the mixture, set aside to cool, with the same flavor used for the pudding.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Chicken Hash on Rice Toast.

This is a delicious way of using up remnants of poultry, and is prepared by trimming off the meat from the bones; remove the skin and gristle, cut meat fine, put it in a small saucepan with water to moisten it, and a little butter, with salt and white pepper. Have ready some cold boiled rice which has been steamed, a weight of one lb. will have been its shape. Cut in slices half an inch thick, arrange on the double broiler and toast to a delicate brown. Lay on a hot platter, butter them, put a spoonful of the chicken on each and serve. A poached egg served with each slice makes an excellent breakfast dish.

Dandruff.

plaster of the yolk of an egg thickened with salt applied to the seat of acute pain will often relieve.

A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

(Continued from page five.)

impetuously. "Pardon me if I speak too freely," he continued, humbly, "but I served your father before you, and—and I cannot bear the thought that strangers may one day reign in the house of the de Kercheval's."

Count de Kercheval sprang to his feet and walked several times back and forth the length of the room. He bit his thin lips and his head bowed nervously.

At length he paused and laid his hand on the old servant's shoulder.

"Jean," he said, "I must have money or I shall be ruined and disgraced."

"Ruined—disgraced!" faltered Jean.

"Yes," said the count, bending nearer to the steward and lowering his voice, "Listen, Jean, the fortune of my wife which was, as you know, settled upon Armande and Marguerite, to be delivered up to them absolutely when they shall have reached the age of twenty-five, that I have spent."

The old man's face blanched; he stared, with wide-opened eyes, at Count de Kercheval's. Knowing well the vices of his master, he could only too accurately how the money had been squandered.

Count de Kercheval turned away from the sight of the old man's white face and threw himself into a chair.

"It matters not how the money has gone," he said. "So far as Marguerite is concerned I intend that she shall marry the Marquis St. Maur. He is rich and the loss of her fortune will matter but little."

"But Monsieur Armande, who in a year will be twenty-five of age?" murmured Jean. "What will you say to Monsieur Armande when he shall demand his fortune?"

"I must confess all and throw myself on his mercy," replied the count. "God knows how dear the boy is to me, though I have wronged him. But there still remains a year before I must render an account. In the meanwhile, I must have money to make Armande his allowance, or all will come to light."

"A year will soon pass," said Jean. "Why not confess all to Monsieur Armande now and not further wrong him in the matter of his birthright?"

"I cannot!" I must have this year of respite. God, must you do not know what I am saying to mine when I tell you that I have the love and respect of the boy! I often wish I possessed the courage to put a bullet into my brain and end it all."

He poured himself a glass of wine, which he drank and then rose to his feet.

"I must join my daughter," he said. "The Marquis St. Maur will pay us a visit this evening. This matter of the mortgage must be attended to immediately, Jean."

"It shall be, since it is your will, Monsieur le Comte," replied the old man, sadly, as he rose to his feet.

Count de Kercheval ascended to the drawing-room.

Marguerite tossed aside the book she was reading and arose at her father's entrance.

"I thought you were never coming, papa," she said. "I was getting quite frightened lest I should have to receive the Marquis St. Maur alone."

Before he could answer, Count de Kercheval could make any reply the door was thrown open and the footman announced:

"The Marquis St. Maur."

This thrilling and dramatic story of love and hate will be continued in next week's Ledger. Order special subscription offer on page fifteen.

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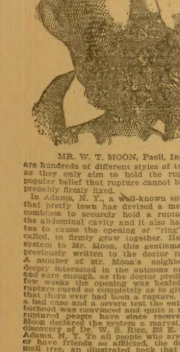
NEW RUPTURE CURE.

Marvelous Effect of a System That Heals Perfectly.

Citizen of Paoli, Ind., Tries the Plan With Wonderful Success.

Considerable local interest has been aroused in Paoli and, by the recent cure of the rupture of W. T. Moon, a prominent citizen of that locality. Hernia or rupture had been considered an incurable malady. There



MR. W. T. MOON, Paoli, Ind.

are hundreds of different styles of trusses but as they only aim to hold the rupture, the popular belief that it cannot be cured is probably firmly fixed.

In Atlanta, Ga., a well-known specialist of that pretty town has devised a method that combines to accomplish a rupture without the abdominal cavity and it also has the virtues to cause the opening or "ring" as it is called, to contract together. He sent the system to Mr. Moon, this gentleman having previously written to him for information. A number of Mr. Moon's neighbors were doubtful of the outcome of the case and sure enough, as the doctor predicted, in a few weeks the opening was closed and the rupture cured as completely as to give no sign that there ever had been a rupture. As it was a bad case and a severe test the entire neighborhood was convinced and quite a number of ruptured people have since recovered. Mr. Moon declared the system a marvel. It is the discovery of Dr. W. S. Rice, 23 E. Main St., Adams, N. Y. To all people who are ruptured or have friends so afflicted, the doctor will mail free, an illustrated book that fully describes his home cure for ruptures. Write for it to-day, so at once since to know that there is a permanent cure for rupture will remove the hopeless misery men and women who are now enduring under the mistaken belief that they cannot be cured.

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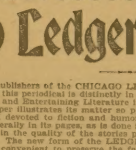
How Many Blocks Here?



Can You Count Them? Are Your Eyes Good?

If so, study this picture. Then write us how many blocks you can find. Answer this and we will send you a Beautiful Gold Ring, set with a Genuine Diamond, absolutely free. Many thousands were sent to the homes of those who answered our last puzzle. Be sure to answer this one correctly and you will receive a handsome present. You may be the fortunate one to WIN what is in gold. If more than one correct, the amount will be equally divided.

SPECIAL PRIZE! In addition to the above, the person who sends the largest correct answer will receive as a Special Extra Prize one of the following: Home Lots, Watches, Bicycles, Cash, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Etc., Etc. Don't delay, but send your answer, but send it to-day. Should you not win the Ring or Special Prize, you will be offered something else equally as good. Address, THE COLUMBIAN, Subscription Dept. B, 34 OLIVER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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THE PASSING SHOW.

What Is a Military Genius.

A military genius is the most precious possession of a nation and the most difficult to recognize. He cannot be created by human means. No nation can put a spirit of discernment into the souls of its commanders, not even recognize it where it already exists. But it can train them in the technicalities of their trade and at least make it recognizable of them. There may be a genius among them, and such training is necessary to his full professional equipment. The remainder can be utilized for what they are worth.

An army needs but one genius of the first class. Subordinate geniuses, however, are needed in every grade of the military hierarchy. Captains who can hold their men steadily to their work under a galling and even a deadly fire are geniuses. The spirits within them are master spirits whom the men instinctively recognize and obey. The leader of a forlorn hope should be such a man. If he is not, no matter how courageous he may be, his men will not follow him. In such emergencies nothing but commanding spirits can command. Men recognize such leaders instinctively. Something akin to hypnotism compels them to feel the subleader feels and they cannot help but follow him. There is a heap of difference between such a leader of men and one who merely repeats the language of the drill book. The other is a Krigspieler.

President of the French Republic.

The president of the republic of France, in his powers, duties and mode of election, presents few analogies to the president of the United States. His position is more nearly akin to that of the crowned ruler of a constitutional monarchy, like Great Britain. The aim of the makers of the French constitution was to create a figurehead for the government who should be as far as possible above and apart from the wrangles of partisan politics. The president of the French republic, when in office, is not supposed to be the representative of a party, but of the nation. When one party succeeds another in power the result is a change in ministry, as in Great Britain, but the president remains undisturbed. The responsibility for the administration of the affairs of government rests with the ministry in power. The president is not expected to be the dominant force in shaping the policy of the government.

Porto Rico's School System.

According to an article by Mr. A. P. Gardner in the North American Review, the educational outlook in Porto Rico is extremely discouraging. Not only is the existing system almost farcical in its inefficiency but it is also a serious problem whether it can be greatly improved. The trouble is not so much the lack of schools as it is the poverty and decadence of the people. The only ray of hope that Mr. Gardner can see in the whole situation is the fact that many families show a willingness to make the greatest sacrifice to send their children to schools in the United States.

If Things Were Different.

If all who whine would whistle,
If all who sigh would sing,
This world would be so full of noise
We couldn't hear a thing.

The United States Patent Office.

As a result of the improved facilities for handling the business of the patent office and the increased force of examiners and assistants employed during the last year the commissioner is enabled to make the gratifying announcement that the work of the office has been greatly advanced, the number of applications awaiting action having been reduced from 11,383 at the close of 1897 to 5,567 at the close of 1898. The total number of applications of all kinds made during the year requiring investigation and action was 40,627. A year ago much of the work was fully seven months in arrears and a great majority of the applications had been awaiting action more than three months. Now, however, the entire work of the office is within the six weeks' limit which the commissioner will strive to maintain. In spite of the additional expenses incurred, a balance of $1,358,376 was turned over to the treasury to be deposited to the credit of the patent fund, which now amounts to $4,972,976.34.

Empress of China Is a Marvel.

The Empress Dowager of China is described by an English lady, who has spent the greater part of her life in the celestial empire, as a much more remarkable woman than most Europeans suppose. She is an ardent painter, and her pictures are said to be admirable. Chinese are Chinese are Chinese. Strange as it may seem, her majesty is also said to be fond of reading, and frequently indulges in this ratble virile form of exercise. She is well read, is fond of European music, and has some skill as a pianist. She is said both by her friends and enemies to be absolutely without any sense of fear and, needless to say, her life has been attempted an infinite number of times.

The Central Pacific Agreement.

An agreement concerning the payment of the indebtedness of the Central Pacific to the government has been made by the representatives of the road and the commission appointed under the act of congress passed at the last session. The indebtedness of the road at this time is $25,396,000 principal and $36,660,000 interest less $9,190,000 in allowed claims against the government and in the sinking fund. The gross net indebtedness is $53,300,000. The agreement which has been signed by the president provides for payment in twenty equal half-yearly instalments, drawing 1 per cent interest. The notes given for these instalments are to be secured by first refunding bonds to be issued under the readjustment plan which is to be carried out soon.

Admiral Dewey's Views.

Many inquiries are made regarding Admiral Dewey's views as to the best way to govern the Philippines. The people of the United States have confidence in the admiral's judgment in this respect. His appointment by President McKinley as a member of the commission which is to investigate and report on this subject gives his opinions additional importance. But what are his views on the proper government of the Philippines?

It is announced with entire confidence that Admiral Dewey favors a central government of the Philippines by the United States, but all local government of the islands to be absolutely in the hands of the Filipinos.

DOUBTLESS AN IMPOSTER.

Ethel—So you don't think that young man whom you met last night is a divinity student, as he claimed to be?

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